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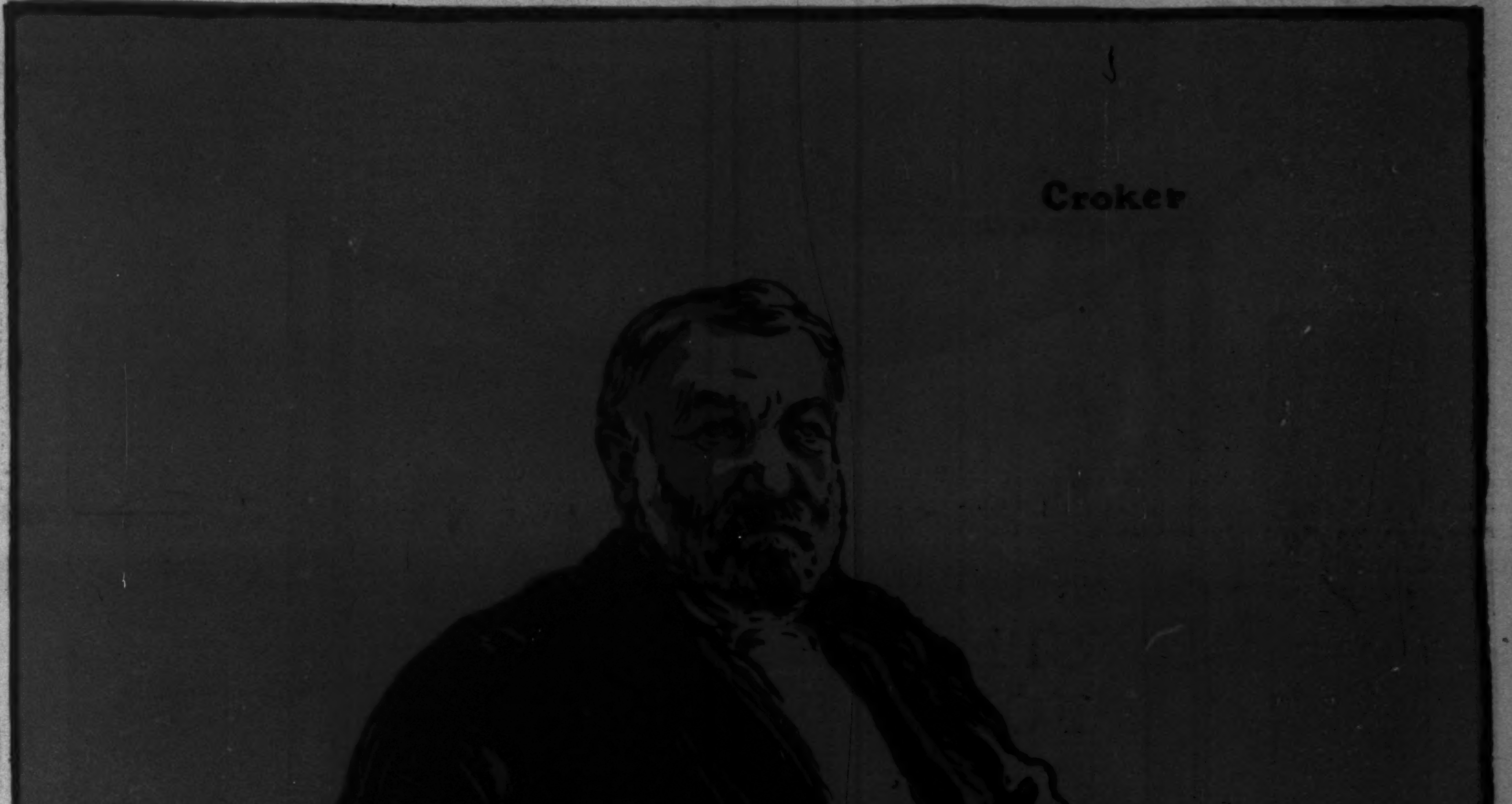
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK OCTOBER 13: 1900



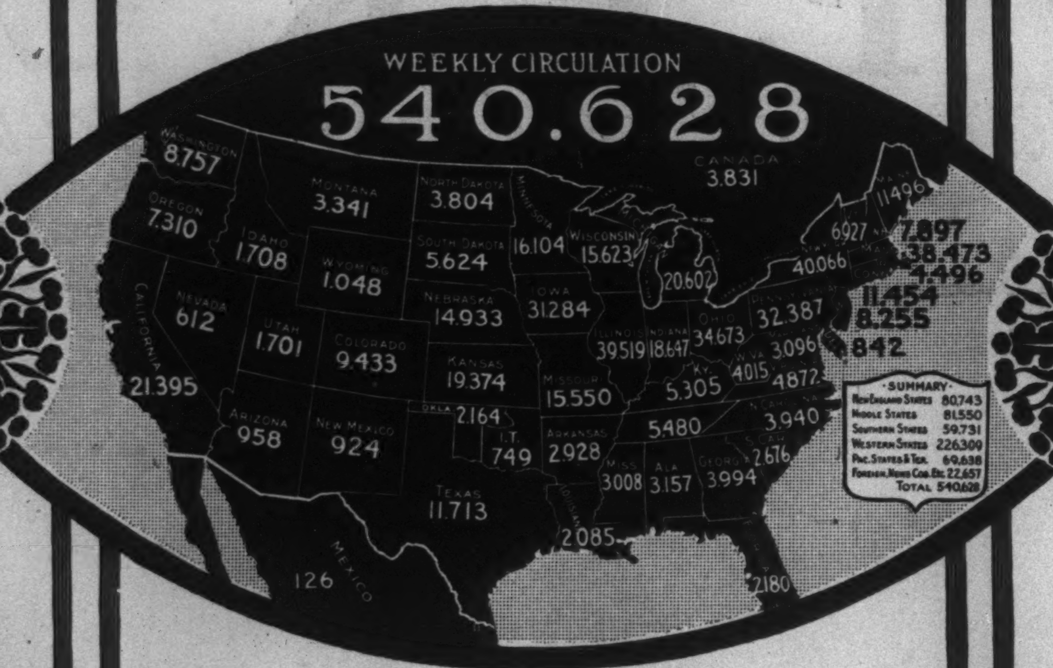
Drawn by William Nicholson

RICHARD CROKER

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION FOR 1901

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

JOHN D LONG



JANE BARLOW

LYMAN J GAGE

THE MAP above shows how thickly Youth's Companion homes are scattered in every state of the Union — many of them the homes of three generations of Companion readers. Strong in the assurance that every reader gained is a friend won, the publishers of The Companion make the following

SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1901.

CHARLES KING

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

THOSE who subscribe at once, sending $1.75 with this slip or the name of this publication, will receive all the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1900, including the Special Holiday Numbers, FREE, and then the fifty-two weekly issues of the paper to January 1, 1902. This offer includes The Companion's "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901 — a souvenir of rare and lasting beauty. It will be sold to non-subscribers for fifty cents.

G 114

DOROTHY STANLEY

SVEN HEDIN

IT IS impossible to enumerate here the manifold attractions provided for the 1901 volume of The Youth's Companion. The paper will be crowded with contributions from Diplomatists, Explorers, Sailors, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Story-Writers, and Self-Made Men and Women in many vocations. Noteworthy among them are Theodore Roosevelt, who will write on the inspiring theme, "The Essence of Heroism;" Lyman J. Gage and John D. Long, of President McKinley's Cabinet; Dorothy Tennant, wife of Sir Henry Stanley; Gen. Charles King; Frank Bullen, spinner of sailors' yarns; and W. T. Hornaday, hunter of big game; while the most popular writers of fiction will contribute nearly 250 stories to the 52 issues of the new year.

W T STEAD

JOHN BIGELOW

We shall be glad to send Free upon request Full Announcement of the volume for 1901, and Sample Copy of a recent issue containing Sousa's article, "Experiences of a Bandmaster."

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Vol. XLIV. No. 2286

HARPER'S WEEKLY

October 13 1900

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FILIPINO COWBOYS.

TYPICAL CARABAO-HERDERS OF LUZON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 13, 1900

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Crokerism

IN his brilliant oratorical flights from one end of the country to the other Mr. BRYAN discourses eloquently of many issues now before the people, the paramountcy of each of which in his treatment of them depends rather upon geographical conditions than upon considerations of the highest welfare of the nation as a unit. In the West and South there is a distinct sound as of silver in the clarion tones of this new Moses who shall lead the debtors of the nation out of the intolerable bondage into which by some inscrutable provision of Mammon they are plunged. In the Middle States, where under the beneficent influences of Altgeldism anarchy has dared most conspicuously to rear its head, and where, therefore, Mr. BRYAN is moderately safe in assuming that appeals to envy, hatred, and malice, to the passions which prompt pillage, riot, and murder, will not be resented, the Trust issue is discussed with a fervor which would lead the Octopus to hug himself with joy at the paramountcy of his position. And in the East, in New England, where dwells the idealist, the high-minded lover of republican institutions, there does Mr. BRYAN bring forth his wondrous bogey of Imperialism with which to frighten the timid into an alliance with himself, hiding behind its ample skirts his vicious advocacy of a scuttled Supreme Court, of a scuttled dollar, of a scuttled anything which may sufficiently appeal to the discontented to enable the Populist candidate to gratify an ambition which is the most creditable feature of his career up to the present time. From the various degrees of fervor, then, with which under different skies Mr. BRYAN discusses different questions we may fairly conclude that he does not consider any one of the problems involved big enough to reach from Maine to Texas, or from New York to California. They appear to him doubtless to be, just as the tariff question appeared to General HANCOCK, local issues. We therefore take pleasure in inviting Mr. BRYAN to consider an issue now before the American people which vitally affects the welfare of every State, of every city, of every village, of every hamlet, of every man, of every woman, and of every child in this country. That issue is Crokerism.

It is a mistake to suppose, as many worthy souls do, including Mr. CROKER himself, we believe, that Crokerism is a local issue, and once fairly embarked upon a consideration of its intricacies Mr. BRYAN will find himself following a lead which will bring him into every home in this land. He will find at last a question large enough to cover every inch of territory in the United States, with a sufficient surplus to reach to the Philippine Islands on the one side, to Cuba and to Porto Rico on the other. As the issue unfolds itself to him, as it surely must if he will study it intelligently, and with a mind unbiassed by personal considerations, he will see how in its essence it is a sort of *omnium gatherum* in which Imperialism, free riot, discredited courts, "any kind of money," "all kinds of money," morality, public and private, government monopoly, private ownership of public franchises, public proprietorship of private business—all conceivable questions that can possibly come up for discussion in a political campaign—are directly involved. He will be unable when he considers its far-reaching effects to say that because New York city suffers most from Crokerism it is of merely local importance. There is nothing sporadic about the principles underlying Crokerism, however emphatically they may be manifesting themselves at one special point. They are everywhere, and an Octopus with more deadly tentacles has yet to appear on land or sea. Once having mastered the subject in its every phase, the distinguished candidate for the Presidency will not have to flit like a butterfly from one paramount question to another, will not be compelled to transform himself into an oratorical chameleon merely to live up to certain exigencies of a situation which he must by this time have found excessively embarrassing. He will discover in Crokerism an issue big enough to cover every corner of the country he professes to love, and significant enough to consume every moment of his speaking-time from now until the 6th of November. Properly to set it forth will tax his vocabulary. Properly to take his stand for or against it will test his sincerity. In any event we advise him to study it closely, for, successful or not in his quest for the Presidential office, it is bound sooner or later to obtrude itself upon him, and he should be prepared either to give to it the outstretched hand of fellowship, or to administer that stinging rebuke to which it is so richly entitled.

Concerning Mr. Schurz

THE Hon. CARL SCHURZ has delivered himself of a ten-column philippic against Perfidious Imperialism, in which he flays alive everybody who has had anything to do with the situation in the Philippine Islands, excepting, of course, AGUINALDO and his followers, Mr. BRYAN and his aides, and the Spaniards, who are primarily responsible for the whole trouble. He admits in the course of his argument that his blood boils, and it is unquestionably true that his eloquence seethes. It is a pity that when Mr. SCHURZ's blood begins to boil he draws himself away from that good-tempered method of debate in which he has often shown himself a master, and that as a result of this departure he places himself in a position which in the eyes of his friends and well-wishers is a deplorable one. In days gone by, despite certain peculiarities of temperament over which Mr. SCHURZ no more than any other man similarly constructed can exercise control, he has been a power in argumentation. We know of no man to whose words we should prefer to listen rather than to those of Mr. SCHURZ when engaged in making an address upon a purely academic question. There is a fine quality to all his utterances of this nature. There is a subtle humor suggesting the rapier rather than the bludgeon running through most of his periods, and when listening to the sound of his pleasant voice it becomes wellnigh impossible to doubt his sincerity. But when it comes to the discussion of existing conditions Mr. SCHURZ is a dreamer. He cannot quite see things as they are, and he is so wedded to his visions that he is a hard man to wake up. It is our honest conviction that Mr. SCHURZ was designed by nature to write poetry. He has in his soul that feeling of divine discontent which has carried many a less gifted man to the fore, and which has resulted in the enrichment of our Anthologies. By some unkind provision of the powers, however—possibly because of his own resentment of a preconceived ideal of the life he should lead—Mr. SCHURZ has spent most of his days in politics, and in American politics at that, than which there is probably nowhere in the world to be found a kind more calculated to keep the blood of the poet simmering at least, if not actually boiling, and as a result he has been in a perpetual state of fermentation as long as we can remember. Discontent with conditions in the father-land gave to us the benefit and the distinction of his citizenship. Discontent with conditions during the civil-war period secured for him a stinging rebuke from no less a personage than ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Discontent with conditions led him into an alliance with the Democratic party when President GRANT, for the second time, ran for the Presidential office. Discontent with his new associates made of him a stanch supporter of RUTHERFORD B. HAYES and the Republican party four years later. Discontent with his party in 1884 drew him away once more from the Republican ranks and made a Democrat of him. Discontent in 1896 drew him away from the Democratic ranks into an advocacy of the election of Mr. MCKINLEY, and to-day he is consistently following his political system of alternation, has deserted Republicanism and joined hands with the forces of anarchy and disorder. He has been right and he has been wrong, but he has always been himself. We think that on the whole he is a valuable sort of citizen to have, because the nation does not exist which does not need for its political development an intelligent party of opposition. If Mr. SCHURZ by going over to Bryanism can make Bryanism intelligent, his present attitude is not quite so deplorable as at first sight it seems to be. Ardent supporters of the Administration as we are in this campaign, we recognize the fact that a sincere and intelligent opposition is a thing it has conspicuously lacked, and we are wholly willing to express our astonishment that it should have got along so well without it. If Mr. SCHURZ is used by the people he supports, or by the people he opposes, in the right way, there can be no question that he will remain, as he has been in the past, a type of citizen which a strong and growing country really needs to have during its formative period. He can at least call attention to what he considers to be our mistakes, and if the people can only perceive wherein Mr. SCHURZ is right and wherein he is wrong, much good may ultimately come from his fermentations.

Perfidious Imperialism

MR. SCHURZ'S address on Perfidious Imperialism, as printed in full by the flirtatious but not yet completely Bryanized organ of the Populist candidate, the *Evening Post*, as a piece of literature is really worth reading. As a serious offset to the comprehensive treatment of the Philippine question by President MCKINLEY in his letter of acceptance, it is not to be reckoned with, and for a precise reason. Mr. SCHURZ in its preparation has been influenced rather by the ideal surroundings of the beautiful northern lake upon whose borders he has passed the summer, than by the salient facts of the situation. There all is peace. The placid waters speak not of war. The rustling breezes blowing through the trees speak only of idleness and of dreams. The hills hide their heads in the clouds, and the poetic side of man, with its license and its independence of the sordid realities of life, willy-nilly obtains control. Had Mr. SCHURZ gone to Washington, with its brutal heat and the awful anxieties of the past summer, to study the question from the "hidden sources of information" which Mr. MCKINLEY has so nefariously used, instead of dreaming of things as they might be beneath the soft spell of Lake George, we think he would have spoken differently. He would not have forgotten, as he seems to have done, that we went into the Philippines as an act of formal and declared war—a war which for many years we had been striving to avoid. He would not have forgotten the fact that in a conflict we did not seek, but which we could not honorably escape, we effected the conquest of the Philippine Islands. He would not have forgotten, as he appears to have done, that by the formal and legal and inevitable ceding and relinquishment to us of the Philippine Islands by their only properly constituted sovereign power we assumed a responsibility to shirk which would have made us worthy of the pillory into which Mr. BRYAN and his followers, and even Mr. SCHURZ himself, would doubtless have been the first to place the Administration. He would not have forgotten that there rests upon the shoulders of the American people in this matter a duty the proper performance of which is to be the test of our honor, of our strength, and of our right to take part in the councils of the nations of earth, by which alone we may hope to be influential in the spreading of the principles of civilization.

Had the essential facts of Mr. SCHURZ's arraignment of the Administration been these, his argument would have been unassailable. Lacking the solid foundation of truth, the address falls to the ground, and in so far as criticism is required comes more properly into the realm of literature than into that of politics. As literature we cannot deny its excellence. We know of no more interesting bit of fiction published this fall. As a statesmanlike utterance we think it will find little commendation outside of the exclusive circle represented by JOHN P. ALTGELD, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, RICHARD OLNEY, ERVING WINSLOW, RICHARD CROKER, and E. L. GODKIN.

THE COST OF TAMMANY HALL IN FLESH AND BLOOD

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

TAMMANY HALL has become supreme in the Democratic party of New York State. Never before has it dominated completely the State management of its party. How did it succeed? Bluntly, it had the money, and its opponents in the State, not having any office-holders to assess, not having any share in "ground-floor" stock speculations, not having power to levy tribute from public treasuries through the increase of salaries, through the partial fulfilment of public contracts and the like, not having opportunities for certain kinds of political blackmail, had no money, and the side with the fat purse and the power to punish treachery won. Every one who knows politics in New York State knows how it was done. The "wide-open" town, the plunder from contracts and stock-market "grafts," have given Tammany Hall its supremacy in State politics, have made its leaders rich men, and now in the great game of politics they are looking toward Washington. Take away its blackmail tribute, many of its leaders would be poor, its power would be crippled, and common decency would not be the loser.

Every few months some newspaper in New York city discovers that the town is wide open. There have been two such discoveries within a year. In each case there has been a tremendous agitation. In each case, Bernard J. York, president of the Police Board, has been a most surprised man. This town bad? Why, such a thing must not be. And forthwith the order has gone to Devery, the notorious man who is Chief of Police, to be good and to have the town made good. And Devery has hustled around. During the last agitation, when it was discovered that a "Gamblers' Syndicate" ran the town, as it practically does in certain lines, Devery began to raid the dining-rooms of first-class hotels, because they had music in them, forsooth. It raised a storm, but it did the trick. Gambling went on, pool-rooms that had been closed opened again under police protection, blackmail of people in certain houses and of others who walked the streets went on, petty extortion thrived, and the money rolled in again to the pockets of Tammany Hall men. Devery took a long breath and quit wiping his brow, Police-Commissioner York went into his shell and played politics, Tammany leaders said the people wanted a wide-open town, and Mayor Van Wyck said, "Look at London or Paris." Meanwhile the assessment of gamblers in hundreds of places continued, the police collected the weekly and monthly tribute from places that were protected, the woman that walked the streets at night gave up her money before and after midnight, saloon-keepers paid to sell openly in prohibitive hours, dens of infamy flaunted their signs brazenly before all men, decent people were stopped on the streets and asked if they didn't want to gamble, and Tammany was happy. Every dollar that rolled in made her stronger in the politics of the city, of the State, of the nation. Her leaders were rolling up their wealth, and when they went to other commonwealths they were looked upon as profound politicians, almost as statesmen, men of great ability, men whose example was worth following, men who were worth cultivating, men who really couldn't be so very bad, men who wouldn't look out of place, for example, at a dinner in the White House, even if their influence and supremacy were practically due to skill in levying blackmail tribute and to playing the great game of emptying a public treasury with the smallest possible return.

The wide-open town, as all New York knows, is Tammany Hall's visible means of support. The person who lives in New York and doesn't know that lacks ordinary intelligence. It isn't a debatable proposition. Every one knows that the town is wide open; the real question is who is paying the bill? What does it cost? Upon whom does the real burden fall? Can Tammany Hall stop it, if it would? Is the Tammany Hall policy, of which former Mayor Gilroy complained indirectly in a public interview several months ago, making New York city, as he said, a most expensive place for the poor to live in? Is the poor man paying part of the wide-open-town bill in rents that are unnecessarily high? Are the sick suffering because ice bills are doubled? Is this policy costing the lives of the young and old? Is the system of filth and corruption, visible at every hand, eating up flesh and blood? Are young men and young women being ruined in greater numbers than before Tammany came back into power? Is crime increasing? Are the Potter's Field interments growing out of proper proportion? Are the crimes against children on the increase? Is human life as safe as before? Is the death-rate, especially on the East Side, any higher? Are homes for the unfortunate and fallen, the absolute weary of this world, overcrowded?

All these are proper questions, especially as Tammany Hall has become supreme in State as well as local politics, and because its leaders are ambitious. The questions demand fair and truthful answers. Let these answers be set forth here.

EAST-SIDE DEATH-RATE INCREASING

Take the death-rate first. Ever since the beginning of Mayor Strong's administration the New York city death-rate has been going down, swiftly in the days of the Strong régime, very slowly in the days of resumed Tammany rule. Good pavements and fair street-cleaning have done it. But that is the condition for the entire city, or rather the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, the "old city." But how about the East Side? How about the Seventh, Tenth, and Seventeenth wards, where the great tenement-house population lives? Here are some figures from the Health Board records, records now under the complete control of Tammany Hall. The total tenement-house population in the Seventh Ward, according to the census of the sanitary squad of police, in 1898, the first year of the Van Wyck administration, was 82,256. The number of deaths in that ward during the year was 1388. The death-rate on the basis of the tenement-house population was 16.87 in a thousand.

Now let us be fair in this matter. This was not the death-rate in the ward. What that was no one can tell. The number of deaths in each ward is known for every year, of course, but the census of the entire population in every ward is not. However, the Seventh, Tenth, and Seventeenth wards are made up almost entirely of tenement-houses. The population in other buildings is a mere drop in the bucket, and a death-rate based upon the figures of the yearly census of the sanitary squad is practically the death-rate of the ward. Now look at the death-rate for 1899 in the same ward. In 1899 the tenement-house population in the Seventh Ward was 70,633, and the deaths numbered 1348. The death-rate in a thousand was 19.08. Look at the Tenth Ward. In 1898 the tenement-house population was 82,175. The deaths numbered 1071, the death-rate being 13.03. In the next year the population was returned at 64,961, the deaths at 999, the percentage being 15.38. Look now at the Seventeenth Ward. In 1898 the Health Board records placed the tenement-house population at 111,477 and the deaths at 2238, the death-rate on that basis being 20.17. In 1899 the tenement-house population is returned as 107,804, the deaths at 2313, and the rate is 21.46.

What do we see here? An increase in the death-rate of the Seventh Ward, on the only available figures under public control, of 2.21 per cent.; an increase in the Tenth Ward of 2.35 per cent.; an increase in the Seventeenth Ward of 1.39 per cent. Is Tammany rule costing flesh and blood? The death-rate has gone down in the entire city in the last five years, and these Health Board figures based on estimates from the police census establish it: 1895, 23.11; 1896, 21.52; 1897, 19.53; 1898, 19.73; 1899, 18.85. The actual death-rate in these years, as based upon the recent Federal census returns, was: 1895, 23.19; 1896, 21.84; 1897, 20.03; 1898, 20.46; 1899, 19.81. Nearly one per cent. difference exists between the Tammany estimates for 1899 and the actual result. A difference of one per cent. in the death-rate in a population of 1,000,000 means 1000 deaths. In a population of 2,000,000, that of Manhattan and the Bronx, it means 2000 deaths. Such is the jugglery with the city's health returns, and such is the record of Tammany rule—namely, a very small reduction in the death-rate of the city as a whole, compared with the Strong administration, and a very decided increase in the death-rate in the thickly crowded districts of the East Side. Notice, if you will, that the population of the three wards on the East Side, according to these official figures, is falling off. Is it because, as Mayor Gilroy, who is no longer a power in Tammany Hall, complained, the city administration is making New York city, particularly the East Side, the home of the poor, a most expensive place in which to live?

When the returns for 1900 are in and the deaths in these East Side wards can be studied, especially the deaths of infants, perhaps some strong light may be thrown on the extortion of the Ice Trust of Tammany Hall. If there is the slightest increase out of the normal proportion it will call to mind the warning of an eminent physician of New York, Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin, who in a paper which he read before the Medical Society of the County of New York on May 28, 1900, said:

"It is estimated that there are 146,600 children under the age of three years in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, or 6.72 per cent. of the whole population. Recent studies show that if cow's milk can be properly cooled it will keep a considerable time, and is much better than relying too largely upon superheating. *Any difficulty in the free procuring of ice by the poor during the heated months, whether from a scarcity of this article or from a cornering of this staple by commercial greed, is a public calamity.*"

If the Ice Trust shall have raised the death-rate of the children of the East Side the chambers of Tammany Hall surely should be haunted by childlike spectres for many a day to come.

The only possible excuse the Tammany men can make about this East Side death-rate is that the sanitary police didn't make accurate census returns. Well, the census was taken by Tammany men. The Strong administration men were turned out, and if Tammany chooses to declare her own men inefficient she brings another indictment against herself. She may take either horn of the dilemma. These records are the only ones the Health Department has, and there you are.

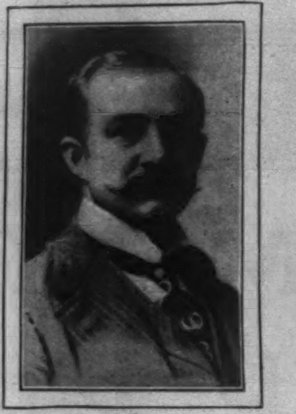
INCREASE IN JUVENILE CRIME

Take another phase of Tammany rule. There has been an increase in juvenile crime. This can be proved. Statistics on this subject are difficult to obtain, but they can be reached. When the new city charter went into effect provision was made for a bureau of statistics to cover all such data as would be suggested by death-rate inquiries, by speculations as to the increase or decrease of crime, or the increase or decrease in burdens of any kind for the municipality. Never has Mayor Van Wyck consented to equip the bureau properly. Schedules of inquiries into city affairs must be approved by him. Every time when approached about it he has put the matter off. The consequence is that the bureau has to publish statistics of port commerce and the like. It can get no money to make a thorough study of the city's affairs, such as is done in many of the cities of the Old World.

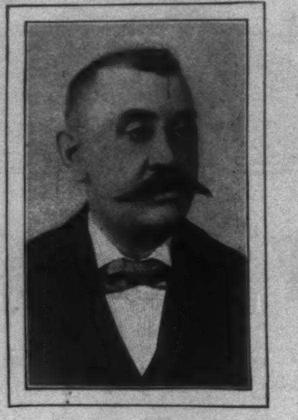
Now it is a matter of common gossip that there are more trials for embezzlement and robbery in the courts than ever before. Accurate statistics regarding the matter, in the present crude conditions of city record keeping, would require a tremendous amount of searching. Still I know of a private record that will show that the number of arrests of youths in this city for robbery has increased enormously. In the Strong administration it was rare to find more than four or five boys—that is to say, youths—under twenty-one, in the Tombs at one time awaiting trial for burglary or grand larceny. Recently almost two-thirds of the boys awaiting trial in the city prison are charged with those crimes. I looked over the record of which I have spoken and found that not long ago the ratio of boys in that prison charged with grand larceny was about fifteen out of twenty-five. I was allowed to take the entry for one week haphazard from this record. It was the record for the week of September 5-11, 1899, that my finger touched. In that week there were in the Tombs thirty-six boys awaiting trial. Twenty-two of them were charged with burglary, seven with grand larceny, and only five with misdemeanors. Examination showed that the week I selected was not exceptional. The rate of increase in thievery among juveniles since the Tammany Hall régime was resumed is simply appalling. I can produce that record fully if I am challenged to do so and it becomes necessary. It is advisable for certain reasons for me to protect my authority or I should go into the subject exhaustively. Tammany wrath would likely fall on an innocent person. But let no Tammany man dare to challenge the accuracy of what I declare. I warn him that he will be overwhelmed if he does. Tammany Hall, two years ago, it may be remembered, through the notorious Devery challenged me to prove that the town was "wide open." It may be recalled that I offered to prove what I said in HARPER'S WEEKLY, to Devery, or to any other man, and Devery sneaked away like the moral coward he is.

This increase in crime is mostly on the East Side, and it exists notwithstanding the pull of politicians which is exerted to keep it down. Let me give an illustration or two. I know of one case on the East Side where a boy stole an overcoat. Twice was complaint made to Police-Captain Herlihy about it, and twice was he told where he could get the boy. Nothing was done. The owner of the coat got it back, but not

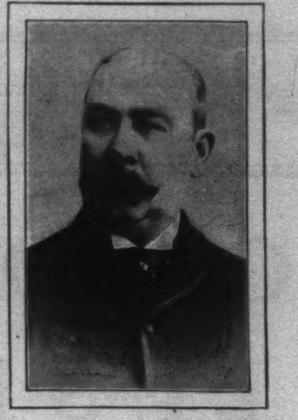
JOHN B. SEXTON,
Police Commissioner.



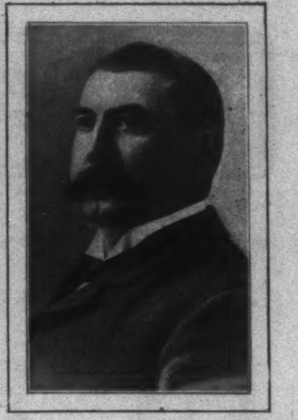
GEORGE F. SCANNELL,
Leader of the Twenty-fifth District.



MARTIN ENGEL,
Leader of the Eighth District.



BERNARD F. MARTIN,
State Senator.



PATRICK DIVVER,
Formerly a Police Justice.

until money was paid for it. I know of a boy on the East Side arrested six times in eight months for stealing. In each case sentence was suspended through Tammany Hall influence. I know of a block where a man has started a sort of settlement-house, out of motives of pure philanthropy. He had his place crowded; he had a wonderful influence with the boys. Tammany came along and, under protest, allowed a pool-room to flourish directly opposite that man's house, with a sign of "Steaks and Chops" over the front door, and a dozen boys whom that man had under his influence slipped away from him, and some of them developed into thieves.

Would you see the effect of Tammany upon the children of the East Side? Go past scores of the "cider saloons" and see the inmates, wretched creatures, swarming to the doors on a warm night to solicit trade or to get a breath of fresh air, and then watch the children stare at them in sullen wonder. I know of a public school within 150 feet of which there were four of these places recently. Do you want your children exposed to such influences? Does even the average Tammany man want his children exposed to these influences? No. Why, then, do they exist? Some one is making money out of it. Tammany dare not shut down on this kind of tribute and allow other kinds to exist. Well do I remember going into a "cider saloon" just off the upper end of the Bowery in gathering material for this article. Its name was "The Maine." A dozen "waitresses" were there. A relative of the proprietor of the place brought in a three-year-old little girl, gorgeously arrayed. They put her on a table.

"Do as they do on Allen Street, Rosa," was the request. The little child hissed through her tiny teeth, winked her eye, tossed her head backward, while the inmates and habitués of the place went into shrieks of laughter. No more pitiful exhibition of unconscious child depravity was ever given. The police protect that place as they do scores of others on the East Side. One man could stop it all, if he would.

CHILDREN ARE HEAVY SUFFERERS

Take another phase of the terrible penalty children are paying for the wide-open town. On the authority of a man closely associated with work in dispensaries and the like I am able to say that there is scarcely an institution of this kind in town, especially on the East Side, whose officers have not been shocked within the last year by an enormous increase in crimes against children, of the most inhuman and depraved character. One can only hint at matters of this kind, and yet I can state it as a fact that so grave, so shocking, so overwhelming had this matter become, that one of the best-known philanthropists of this city, a man whose name is known in business circles the world over, a man whose wealth is measured by millions, and the kindness of whose heart is limited only by his ability to do good deeds in a sensible way, a man whose name stands for the highest probity in New York city, had to go to Police Headquarters and solemnly protest against this matter. He did it without ostentation. His heart was wrung with the knowledge of what had been revealed in the dispensaries, especially Jewish dispensaries, and with indignation his voice rang out, not for mercy, not for pity, but for justice to the innocent sufferers from a wide-open town. Some of the Tammany Hall leaders know who that man was. They can give his name if they will. Devery and York know it. What a scene in a civilized community! A millionaire, a business man known on two continents, a philanthropist, whose spare time is given up to doing all the good he can, begging the Tammany Hall police to see that at least the children are spared in the money-gleaning from the harvest of crime!

Nor does cost of this money harvest stop here. I went up to the out-door-poor department of New York city's charities, and an official there, whose name I do not give because it would get him into trouble and who gave me the information unsuspectingly, said to me frankly that within two years there had been a great increase in abhorrent diseases among children, especially those relating to the skin; that there had been fully a twenty-per-cent. increase in what are known as a peculiar kind of abandonment cases; that the number of wronged young women, especially from the Bohemians and Russians on the East Side, was reaching alarming proportions. This official—he was one high in authority—gave me these figures as samples: For the six months ending September 30, 1899, the city paid out $16,191 63 in a certain kind of abandonment cases. For the six months ending March 31, 1900, the amount paid in the same cases was $17,994 83. I went to Randalls Island to investigate the report that there had been a great increase in children's cases that would be the direct result of alarming moral conditions on the East Side. The books up there, like the books of most of the city's institutions, do not present summaries. They are what might be called mere day-book entries. An enormous amount of searching would be necessary to discover what the books really show, and, therefore, I am compelled to fall back upon what the Tammany official who gave the figures I have just quoted told me. Another official in the great dispensary at Bellevue Hospital, where the poor are treated free, told me that certain public officials had sent up there asking if it were true that there had been an increase in cases of young women who have suffered the most unfortunate penalty of indiscretion that can come to any one. The clerks were willing to hunt up the data. The request was sent to the higher officials, so this one told me, and there was a conference about it. The result was that the men who were seeking that kind of information were told that they had better look for some other kind of statistics.

POTTER'S-FIELD INTERMENTS

It may be a far cry from moral depravity in a great city, aided and abetted by politicians and police, to burials in Potter's Field, but there is a remarkable increase in this city in the interments of the unfortunates whose last resting-place is one about which no human affection centres. The keeper of the City Morgue at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street gave me these figures of the burials of adults in Potter's Field for the last three years: 1897 (last year of the Strong administration), 1043; 1898, 2039; 1899, 1990. Practically the Potter's Field interments have doubled since Tammany came into power again, and this in times of great business prosperity. What does it mean? There can be no doubt that the machine that thrives on vice must have new victims, a fresh supply of raw material constantly. Is it not possible that when the old supply is worn out a large number of its victims have nowhere to lay their heads for the long sleep that knows no waking in this world? It is worthy of note that the interments of infants in Potter's Field show no marked change, the figures being: 1897, 3100; 1898, 3085; 1899, 3154. In the parlance of the day, it is up to Tammany Hall to explain these figures.

POLICE COURTS REVEAL TAMMANY'S GUILT

Come now to the police courts for proof of the degeneracy of the town and what it costs. Here are definite figures—figures that Devery, York, Van Wyck, or any other man, cannot dispute or pretend to controvert. The report of the city magistrates for 1899 published recently is eloquent with facts that show Tammany's alliance with crime and the easy conscience with which crime is allowed to exist. The arrests for the year 1899 were 2294 fewer than in the year 1898, the total for 1899 being 98,917. The number of males arrested was 77,127, and the number of females was 21,790. Compared with the previous year, there was a decrease in the number of males of 5322, and an increase—here's what tells the story—in the number of females of 3028. Devery's friend Nelson and the other professional bondsmen can probably explain why there was a large increase in the number of women arrested. A profit of $5 an arrest goes with many of these cases and represents some of the police blackmail on the traffic of the streets. A singular thing is revealed in these arrests of women. There was an increase of 2859 cases in the Jefferson Market court and of 2496 in the Yorkville court, where cases of a well-known character involving profit to Devery's friend and others are heard. But in the Essex Market court there was a decrease of 2055 in the number of women arrested. What does it mean? The great number of "cider saloons" on the East Side explains it all. Vice can be blackmailed from certain dwellings on the East Side easier than from the streets, and the statistics given here prove it. East Side streets are vastly different from Tenderloin streets, and the coffers of Tammany Hall can show it. The total number of arrests of women for disorderly conduct for five years was: 1896, 13,075; 1897, 12,415; 1898, 14,512; 1899, 17,255.

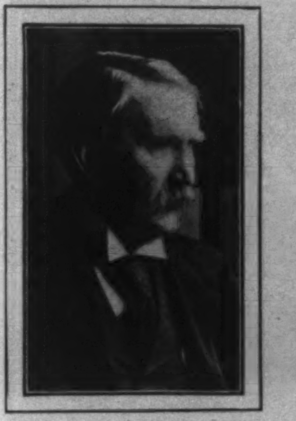
Go further into the Tammany control of crime in New York. The report of the magistrates shows that in 1899 there was an increase of felonies over 1898 of 1244, and that in 1899 there was an increase in grand-larceny cases over the previous year of 610. Now look at these facts: The excise arrests fell off 326, and were the smallest in number since 1884. Is Tammany good to liquor-sellers who break the laws? And why, do you suppose? The number of arrests for keeping gambling-houses was smaller than in any year since 1885. Is Tammany good to the gamblers? And why? Ask the policy game-keepers who put up $100,000 to secure the election of Mayor Van Wyck. The number of arrests for the violation of the sanitary code in 1899 was 284, compared with 519 in 1898, and less than in any year since 1885. Does this explain the increase in the death-rate in the East Side wards? Then look for the arrests for keeping disorderly houses in recent years: 1895, 488; 1896, 474; 1897, 506; 1898 (Tammany rule), 237; 1899, 180. And yet town is wide open, notoriously wide open, compared with the days of the Strong administration.

HOMICIDES INCREASE THREEFOLD IN TEN YEARS

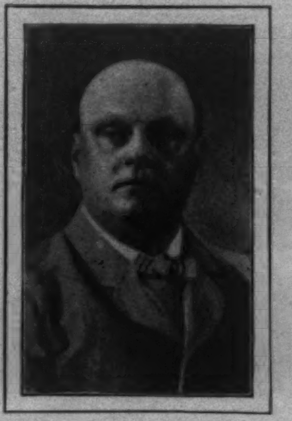
Now take another grade of police statistics and see whether Tammany Hall is really costing actual flesh and blood. Here is the record of arrests for homicides for ten years back: 1889, 99; 1890, 91; 1891, 96; 1892, 91; 1893, 139; 1894, 134; 1895, 164; 1896, 178; 1897, 213; 1898, 261; 1899, 277. In ten years there has been a threefold increase in this grade of crime. Will any one say that Tammany rule does not call for human victims to an undue excess? Is human life as safe as it was? The Mazet investigation showed that property was not as safe as formerly, and the suppressed reports of robberies would go to prove it. Isn't all this low standard, as revealed in police-court records, costing flesh and blood? Couldn't some of it be averted by a decent enforcement of the laws? Would such enforcement of the laws interfere with the income of Tammany men? Ask a certain State Senator whose name is heard all over town as the collector for the pool-room blackmail. Ask any of the "ward men" who may be seen going into the office of Adams, the policy king, what they go there for. Ask a certain police commissioner who was annoyed as he looked out of his back windows at home by seeing directly into a policy-shop, and who asked if they couldn't move it off some distance, not so much because a church near by objected as because he didn't like to be reminded in so pointed a way of certain sources of his income.

WOMEN DECOYED TO NEW YORK

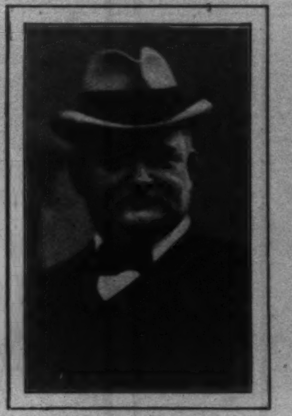
Nor is this the end of the indictment against Tammany Hall as a destroyer of human lives for personal greed. I will take any one worthy of consideration in the matter to a man whose business it is to send out agents to scour the country for girls who, under promises of good situations, are brought to this city for hellish purposes. Never was that business more flourishing than at present. In June, 1899, one of these cases got into print. Fifteen young women were brought to this city from the neighborhood of Allentown, Pennsylvania. Most of them were sent home, their presence having been detected through agencies seeking to stop this work. Those cases got into the courts; hundreds do not. The details of this commerce are the most shocking of all that flourish under Tammany rule. It is a traffic that invades the sanctity of the home hundreds of miles away. It tugs at the heartstrings of mothers. Does Tammany stop it? No; somebody is making money out of it. Nor is it confined to the white race. I know a good woman in whose veins there runs negro blood, who was the friend of the great Frederick Douglass, and in whom such a man as the late C. P. Huntington trusted; who is the friend of Booker T. Washington; who is known far and wide in her race as a person of unusual literary talent; a woman refined and delicate as any of her sex—who gives up most of her time in working against the designs of the trappers of negro women shipped here by the score from the South. I have the authority of this woman for saying that pictures of girls who have gone on the stage are shown to the comely light-colored women of the South and big wages are promised to others. Scores are brought here. When they arrive they must work a certain time to pay for their transportation here. They are placed in houses of shame, held prisoners there, and when they emerge they go into what are known as "camps," of which there are about 200 in the city of New York alone. The women do the robbing for these camps, have to go to jail when caught, while the man head of the camp swaggers around the Tenderloin in fine clothes and idleness. Tammany Hall's police know all about these negro camps. Their attention has been called to them time and again. I can



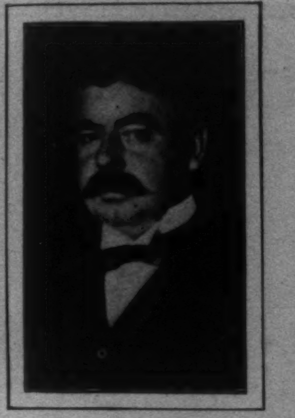
MICHAEL C. MURPHY,
President of the Board of Health.



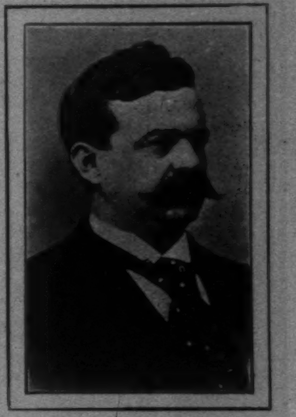
JOHN F. CARROLL,
Deputy Leader of Tammany Hall.



THOMAS F. GRADY,
State Senator.



JOHN WHALEN,
Corporation Counsel of New York.



ROBERT A. VAN WYCK,
Mayor of New York.

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produce the persons who have asked for relief, who have asked that these negro and white girls brought here for wrong purposes be turned back by the police when they arrive by steamship and train, who have met with a stony stare by the police, and have had to fight the vile agents unaided. I could fill page after page with the most distressing stories taken from the records of this terrible traffic. And why is it not stopped? Ask the men who profit by it. Ask them what political organization they belong to. Ask them to whom they pay money for protection.

If you would wish to know how this traffic is carried on here is a letter, one of many, the names omitted, now in possession of the New York branch of the Rescue Army, an organization worthy of the warmest commendation, having men and women of the highest grade on its board of directors and on its advisory committee:

"——, *Pa., June 14, 1898.*

"*Mrs.* ——

"I expected to hear from you before this time I thought it very strange that you left the way you did you promised to come back at 7. o'clock in the evening and I had two young Ladies there to see you and have tree now ready to go if you want them Let me know as soon as you receive this letter by Telegrahm for if I do not hear from you by tomorrow evening I will take them to some other place you can come yourself or Telegraph me the Tickets and I will bring them down myself. Now if I do not hear from you by Telegrahm tomorrow they will be gone so you can do as you like for I want to use you right.

Yours truly
—— Hotel, ——, Pa."

This letter was followed by a telegram on June 16, which read:

"——, *Pa., June 16, 1898.*

"*To Mrs.* ——

"Why did you not come? When will you come? All right, right.

(Signed) ——————"

Will anybody dare to assert that this traffic, openly permitted and encouraged by Tammany Hall, is not costing flesh and blood?

INCREASE IN POLICY-PLAYING

Take the matter of policy-playing. I am informed by one who is close to the ring of backers that flourish by permission and actual co-operation of the police, that when the Strong administration went out of power there were not a dozen of these places in existence in New York. This is all the more remarkable when John McCullagh, the former chief of police, who was removed by the Van Wyck administration so that gambling might be resumed, has told me more than once that it was next to impossible to root out policy-playing. Now there are fully 300 such shops in town, and new ones are being fitted out at the rate of about two a week. Children are allowed to frequent these places.

Turn to another phase of this toleration of gambling and vice. I asked a man who is known far and wide for his work in uplifting the social conditions on the East Side if Tammany rule had increased the difficulties of his work. He said unhesitatingly that there was a lowering of civic ideas all around. He intimated that there might be a better milk inspection. He said that there was not the same care as formerly in keeping the halls of tenements lighted, that there was a distinct lowering in the standard of street-cleaning, that ashes and garbage were allowed to accumulate as never before, that child depravity was on the increase. He said that the Jewish and Italian people were the chief sufferers by this lowering of official standards, and then he gave me an illustration of his own experience. He had complained to the police of the inmates of a certain house whose actions were bold and shocking. His way and that of scores whom he knew led daily directly past it. His sense of decency was constantly outraged. The police did nothing. Why? The assistant captain of the Tammany Hall Election District Committee owned the place and profited by it. If any of the Tammany Hall people wish to know names in this matter I can furnish them forthwith.

Then there is the degeneracy of the juvenile league in the street-cleaning work. The man whom Colonel Waring selected to organize this work was discharged by Tammany, and a man nearly blind now superintends it. The organization has developed into a set of boys' clubs, about thirty-five in number, which meet once in so often and pay the Tammany man rent for their meeting-place. He says that he just clears expenses, and he will point to the books of the various clubs to show how carefully they are kept. These societies now concentrate their energies, not on watching the streets, but on giving outings and "grand demonstrations." The unfortunate blind man concerned may be honest enough. The work of Waring in this respect is not what it was, and the blind man in charge of this branch of it was a Tammany spellbinder for whom a place had to be found. He gets the salary of an "assistant to foreman."

CLERGYMAN CALLED A LIAR

Now for a brief story to illustrate the insolence of Tammany Hall in the open protection of the vice and corruption that are costing human life. I know a clergyman on the East Side who complained because he himself was openly approached by vile creatures day after day within 200 feet of one of the biggest public schools on the East Side. He complained to police headquarters. A police guard was sent to the corner. The policemen turned their backs and the work went on within fifty feet of them. Again the clergyman complained, to the police captain of the district. The captain intimated that the clergyman was untruthful in the matter, and when the clergyman appealed to the police-inspector of that district, in the presence of the captain, the inspector turned on the clergyman brutally and told him in so many words that he was a liar. That captain and that inspector are still high in the confidence of Tammany Hall. I do not know their politics, but if Tammany Hall desires their names and the name of the clergyman insulted and bullied, right in police headquarters, too, I can give them. The preacher is one of the best-known men in the city, and he has suffered these insults in silence.

TAMMANY HALL CAPTAIN INVADES A VESTRY

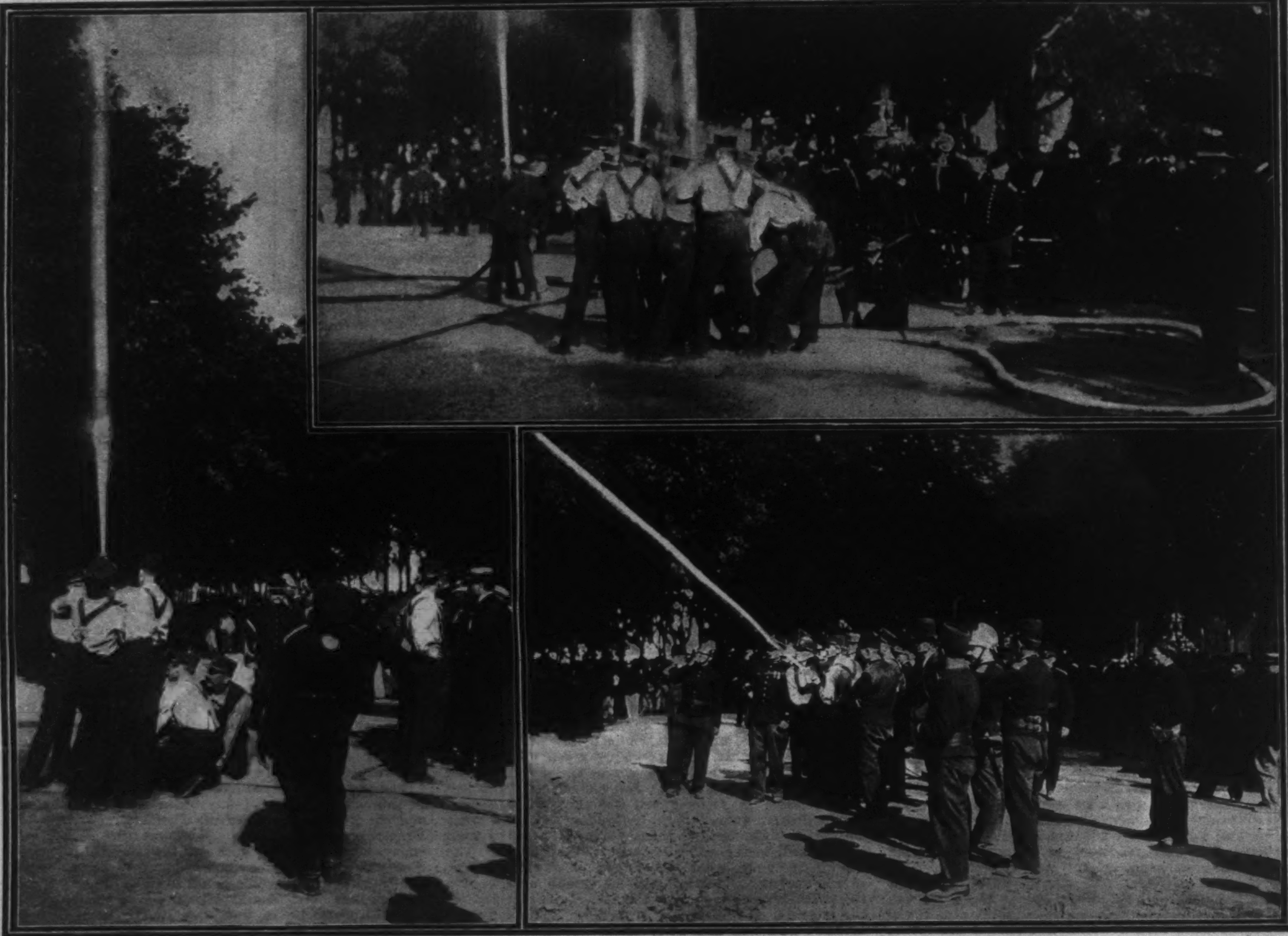
Take another case. There was an establishment on the East Side whose frightful character brought the blush of shame to every decent woman who had to pass it to reach a certain church's doors. Young people of the church were under its pernicious influence. I know a clergyman who asked, not that the place be closed or raided, but simply that its traffic be kept hidden. Sneers greeted his request, but it was granted for a time. He had occasion to say something to the detriment of the Tammany leader in that district. It reached that leader's ears. One Sunday morning directly after church, almost before the preacher had divested himself of the robes of his holy office, that Tammany leader invaded the sacred precincts of the vestry-room and demanded that the preacher eat his words then and there or take the consequences. Astounded at first, the preacher soon recovered his power of speech, and he sent that miserable specimen and the man who accompanied him out of the door sneaking like whipped dogs, and after a promise made that a certain street would be cleaned up partly. That Tammany leader made good his promise about the street. It was Allen Street, and the way that conditions were improved showed that Tammany could move in such matters if it was necessary. It isn't necessary to mention names in this matter, but if the reader should apply to one Engel, the Tammany Hall man of influence in the well-known "Ate" district, he might and he might not obtain fuller particulars. If that gentleman is disinclined to go into the matter fully I know a man who can tell all that occurred on that Sunday morning.

If one would obtain a vivid idea of the cost in flesh and blood of the Tammany idea in politics, namely, make money anyhow and anywhere you can so long as you cover up your tracks, let him visit any of the half-dozen refuges for unfortunate women and children in New York city and hear the stories that their managers can tell of their experiences in the last two years. Every one of these places has been overrun with applications for shelter and help. Women who go there usually wait until every other avenue is closed to them before they apply to that kind of charity. The most pitiful of all tales of human depravity and suffering are unfolded there. The managers of every one of these institutions, with one exception, told me that they have had to turn applicants aside, that there never was such a demand for their help, that never have they heard such shocking tales of misery. These managers attribute this condition of affairs to the toleration and open alliance of politicians with vice. The worn-out creatures that have outlived their usefulness as a source of revenue turn to certain homes before they go to Potter's Field, and the stories they tell would make a blackmailing politician or police official wince if they were known fully. Go to the Salvation Army's home of this kind. Its situation in town is kept secret, no name is on the door, its work is hidden from the sight of the curious, but its rooms are crowded, and the victims that come there in the shelter of darkness are flaming signs of the results of a wide-open town. There are stories inside the walls of that house—and a beautiful home it is and in a fine location—that would melt the heart of the most scornful. The babies that are there, and the children of twelve and thirteen, victims to worse than brutality, that may be found there sometimes, are eloquent witnesses to the policy of infamy that enjoys a money profit out of toleration of vice. I cannot go into further particulars regarding these homes, partly because of the revolting character of the subject and partly because I am under pledge to bring no embarrassment through political hostility to the work in which the managers are engaged.

The poor on the East Side are the greatest sufferers in this scheme of profit-sharing in vice. The Italians and the Russian Jews are the chief victims. The Rev. Dr. Arrighi, an Italian who for twenty years has been engaged in religious work in the Italian colony of New York, told me the other day that he had never seen such "a pernicious condition" of affairs among the Italians here. He said that ten years ago it was almost impossible to find a place among the abodes of his countrymen in this city where there was a traffic in vice. Year by year the means of income of the *padroni* have been cut off in this country. Five years ago there were signs that the *padroni* were importing persons for the purpose of open traffic in vice. Within two years this traffic has grown to enormous proportions. Dr. Arrighi has had complaint after complaint sent to the police authorities, he says, and there has been no response. The politicians and the *padroni* have formed a union. "I was thinking," said Dr. Arrighi to me the other day, "of writing a letter to Chief Devery, but I have not done so. It would probably receive the same consideration that is given to hundreds of other letters. There is nothing to be done, I fear, but to endure. How I wish some one would arise to reveal the enormity of the terrible conditions among the people of my native country and at least save the children and some of the young women!"

A CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE AT WORK QUIETLY

But the situation is not without hope. A committee of about fifty public-spirited citizens is working quietly to secure a change. It is making no show of its work. Last fall it gave evidence of its existence. Fifty "plain-clothes men" descended on the East Side one week to pretend to clean it up. A committee had been to police headquarters. This committee of citizens will continue its work. It will present "legal proofs" to headquarters. It will watch the increase of crime through subcommittees. It will make definite complaints and see what the result will be. In some cases it has already run the gamut of various stages of complaints. These complaints have gone from captain to inspector, to superintendent, to police commissioners, and there is a great probability that the Mayor will soon be called to sit in judgment in certain cases. If the result is the same after he is through with the cases as before, the appeal will lie directly to the Governor, which is what this committee wants, and it will be backed with overwhelming proof of a character that will startle us all. At least that is the promise that is made to me by the clergymen, lawyers, philanthropists, settlement-workers, and the like that are in it. They ask especially that as little as possible be printed about their work until they are ready to act. Then they promise revelations from which it will be impossible for Tammany Hall to escape. Heaven speed the day, if that is to come, for children and the youth of both sexes are being transformed into money at every hand to satisfy the greed of Tammany Hall followers! "Work for our own pockets all the time," is the avowed motto of Tammany Hall. Those high in its authority may get "let in on the ground-floor" on enterprises that will bring them money. There seem to be no more street-car systems to wreck, but there are scores of business opportunities dependent upon political favor. Those who cannot enjoy this grade of income must get money in some other way. Salaries may be increased for some. Others must be allowed to traffic in vice, to blackmail those who break the laws, and to give the right to break the laws for money. Meanwhile the children and the youths pay the bill and the town becomes a more and more expensive place in which to



THE KANSAS CITY FIREMEN IN PARIS.

Chief Hale and fourteen men with an American engine and three trained horses took part in the fir men's tournament held at the Paris Exposition in August. There were 8000 fire-fighters present from all parts of the world, but none excelled the Americans in skill, quickness, and efficiency. The Kansas City company won a silver trophy fifteen inches high, and money prizes to the amount of 800 francs. The photographs represent the Kansas City engine throwing one-and-a-quarter-inch streams 180 feet vertically and 310 feet horizontally. No foreign engine was able to throw water so far.

live. Truly the poor man has his burdens, and not the least of these is Tammany Hall.

POLICE-COMMISSIONER YORK'S RESPONSIBILITY

I know of no figure more to be despised in this matter than that of Bernard J. York, president of the Police Board of New York city. Everywhere you go you will hear this remark: "No matter what others may do, York is honest. He will never take money." So far as I know this tribute to the man's honesty is deserved. Personally he seems to be clean, and, what is more, his money seems to be clean. Would that that might be said of other police officials and of Tammany Hall men! But Mr. York permits a most atrocious condition of affairs to exist. He is too intelligent to pretend not to know what is going on. Why does he not lift his voice and summon the assistance of the press, if his hands are tied? Why does not this honest man, this man who is associated with one of the great churches by ties of peculiar affection and devotion, cry out against the terrible traffic? The answer is whispered that he is playing politics, that some day he would like to be judge, that he cannot afford to rebuff the political men who derive their revenue from these sources. If Mr. York is ambitious to become a judge, what a terrible price he is paying for a man of conscience! I know personally that he does not approve these vicious things. A year ago I ran, by accident entirely, upon an alleged gambling establishment right under the nose of every visitor to Coney Island. It was really the meanest kind of a robbery game. I went to Mr. York personally about it, and he stopped it at once. What he did not do was to stop exactly seventeen other games of the same kind that were in existence, according to the fully informed newspaper reporters from whom I obtained my information. This has been Mr. York's game: shut up every place about which a specific complaint comes from any one worth considering; let the others go on. Mr. York, honest man that he may be so far as touching filthy money goes, knows the town is wide open, and, although sworn to enforce the laws, goes about blindfolded. Shall he be made a judge on this account? The bench has had to suffer much, but Heaven spare it this infliction!

And now who wants a wide-open town? Everywhere you will hear it said that the people want it, and that is why Tammany permits it to exist. The people, indeed? Certainly not the hundreds of thousands of parents on the East Side whose children are exposed to terrible things. Certainly not the vast body of good and sensible men and women who are the mainstay of every community, the "plain people." Certainly not the vast business interests that really count, the commercial interests of manufacture and trade. The politicians who profit by it, the liquor-dealers to some extent, the shameless traffickers in vice, the gamblers, and the criminals—all these want a wide-open town. And Mayor Van Wyck also apparently wants it, for he is willing that the laws shall be violated because New York is not so bad in certain phases of shameless vice as London or Paris.

Now, this is not a question of the suppression or even regulation of the social evil. If it pertains to that it is merely a question as to whether that evil shall be hidden from sight. It is a question, however, whether police, or other public officials, or politicians shall profit by it pecuniarily, and whether on the strength of it they shall have an undue influence in the affairs of the nation? Upon a foundation of a traffic in shame and vice, upon blackmail and open corruption, Tammany Hall's foundations are seen to rest nowadays. Upon its escutcheon is the stain of an increased death-rate, the debauchery of the young, the ruin of children, the lowering of the conditions of decency on all sides. And on the strength of this condition its leaders are enabled to demand a foremost place in national affairs. If Mr. Bryan is elected he must deal with these men. They must have a voice in the selection of ambassadors and ministers to other countries that come from New York State. It is an open secret that the national patronage has already been promised to Tammany Hall. Witness the great activity of Tammany Hall nowadays compared with 1896, and ask what it means. The question for the people of this country to face and answer is whether these men whose pockets are fat with the drippings of vice and whose garments are spotted shall sit in the high councils of party or nation. What a spectacle it would be to see that State Senator who collects the tribute from pool-rooms, or that police official who revels in the tolls wrung from the brothels—one man in every ten in New York can name them both off-hand—sitting as honored guests at the White House table! If Mr. Bryan is elected will he repudiate this alliance with filth that his party has made? It is a matter far deeper than that of politics. It involves the good name of the nation. It is a question whether those who thrive on the flesh and blood of the helpless or innocent shall have standing in national affairs.

I know of no more eloquent description of the evils of such a condition of affairs than was given a year ago by General P. Wat Hardin, who in his wrath against political trusts, or, in another word, "bossism," said publicly:

"This system is the reeking cesspool of corruption in the city, the mildew of party politics in the country. It destroys morality, creates vice, and encourages crime. It thrives and fattens upon blackmail, levied upon the first elements of society as a license for wrong-doing, and thereby strengthens its powers. Leprous by nature, its abode is infamy, from which it crawls forth during the darkness of the night, sliming all that it touches, withering all that it passes, and contaminating all that it approaches. It openly rewards its guilty followers for fidelity to its cause in utter contempt of public disapproval, and blackguards all decency that is opposed to it until respectability shrinks from all association with it and its triumph is complete."

Is Tammany rule eating up human lives in its greed for money? Who is the man that could stop it all, or do the most toward stopping it?

Since the foregoing was written, the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York city has been held, and this resolution, offered by the Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, was passed:

"*Resolved*, That the Bishop of this diocese, as head of the cathedral body, be requested to investigate the indignities alleged to have been offered to the clergy of the Pro-Cathedral by the police authorities of the district in which the said Pro-Cathedral is situate, and if just cause be found, to make formal protest, in the name of the Church, to the Mayor of New York."

It was made public at the time that the resolution was passed that the Rev. R. L. Paddock, Canon of the Pro-Cathedral on Stanton Street, had been insulted by Police-Captain Herlihy and Police-Inspector Cross. It is only fair to say that those are the two police officials referred to in the foregoing article, and that Dr. Paddock is the clergyman to whom reference was made as having been insulted in Police Headquarters. Dr. Paddock told the story to me several months ago, but placed a prohibition on the use of names, and desired only guarded mention of the subject. Inasmuch as the matter has become practically public through the action of the Diocesan Convention, there can be no objection, it seems to me, to making this fuller explanation of what I have already written. There will be no impropriety, it seems to me, in further saying that the clergyman who was insulted in his own vestry-room, just after he had come from his pulpit, by a Tammany Hall district leader, was Dr. Paddock of the Pro-Cathedral.

A New Yorker — by Oliver Herford

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"—Walter Scott.

I.

THE man of whom I write was not
Cast in the mould of Walter Scott.
Van Hattan Jones O'Rorke
Sighs never for his native loam;
Where'er his feet may chance to roam
He feels about as much at home
As in his own New York.

II.

Says he, "No matter where I go,
From Baffin's Bay to Borneo,
From Kandahar to Cork,
From Pole to Pole—from sea to sea—
No matter where on earth I be,
Something I find reminding me
Of little old New York."

III.

In Switzerland 'tis his delight
To sit upon an Alp at night;
"Because"—as he explains—
"The avalanches I adore.
As down the mountain-side they pour
They call to mind the fitful roar
Of Elevated trains."

IV.

The Indian jungle dank and dim
A fascination has for him.
He is not scared at all
To see a fearful Tiger spring,
But claps his hands like anything,
And makes the silent jungle ring
With cheers for Tammany Hall.

V.

In Hong-kong—in Jerusalem—
He weeps with joy, for each of them
So fraught with memories sweet,
The one with almond eyes and queues,
So, too, the other with its Jews
The recollection fond renews
Of Mott and Baxter Street.

VI.

On Nicaragua's riven rocks,
Furrowed and rent by earthquake shocks,
He'll gaze the livelong day;
For in those chasms deep and wide,
With earth torn up on either side,
He cannot but recall with pride
His own dear old Broadway.

VII.

E'en as I write there comes to me
A letter—dated Ashantee—
Telling of his decease.
"A savage tribe," the letter saith,
"With cruel clubs beat him to death,
Exclaiming with his latest breath,
'How like our brave Police!'"

A CAMERA-SHOT AT A BULL MOOSE.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE BY J. MOTT HALLOWELL.

THE MOOSE SEASON IN MAINE

ON October 15 the sound of the rifle will reverberate through the Maine forests. The moose season then opens, and lasts to December 1. It is a short season, but experience has shown it to be necessary in order to prevent the king of the deer family from becoming extinct.

No one shall use jacks, torches, lanterns, or artificial fires to attract the game. No one shall use a dog to hunt them, and every citizen is authorized to kill a dog found chasing a moose, or one that is known to be guilty of chasing a moose. As the dog usually reflects his master's mind, the grim statute prescribes that any person owning or having in his possession any dog for the purpose of hunting or chasing moose, or permits a dog to hunt or chase, shall be punished by a fine of $100 and costs for each offence. The law is observed up there in the north. The number of dogs that one encounters is almost nil. There are probably a hundred moose and a thousand deer for every dog in that part of the commonwealth.

There are many ways of reaching the moose country both by rail and water. Coast steamers run to Portland; a line connects Boston with Bangor; and venturesome Westerners often sail down the St. Lawrence and cross over through the Quebec wilderness or on the Canadian Pacific Railway. A little army enters the Rangeley district from New Hampshire every year. The easiest and best course is to start from Bangor, which may be called the gateway of the North Woods. From here the traveller should go northward to Oldtown, where he encounters his first cross-roads. He can go northwest to Milo, or northeast to Enfield and Mattawamkeag. The latter route terminates in the picturesque Schoodic or Grand Lake country, which lies on the New Brunswick border. This country, though wonderfully beautiful and healthful, is not as rich in game as the territory further north.

On the northwestern route, from Oldtown to Milo, the sportsman finds at the latter place the beginning of the moose country. No less than three routes are open to him at this delightful town upon the Piscataquis River. One route runs west and north to Greenville, at the end of Moosehead Lake. The second runs northwest to the Katahdin Iron-Works, where the thrifty New-Englanders had a thriving blast furnace in the beginning of the century; while the third runs northeast through a maze of lakes, streams, bogs, hills, and rivers to Caribou, famous for its salmon pool, and Van Buren, on the St. John River—the most northerly town of importance in the Pine-Tree State.

The centre of the moose country is Mount Katahdin, which lies about forty miles northeast of the iron-works. The "Great Moose-Run," about which hunters tell so many stories, starts at Chesuncook Lake and terminates at Millinockett, corresponding to or following the west branch of the Penobscot River. It must not be supposed that the "Great Moose-Run" is superior to other moose-runs in various parts of the commonwealth. According to sportsmen there are equally good runs along the St. John River and the Allegash River on the north, along the Rangeley and Dead rivers in the west, the Eagle lakes and the Aroostook River in the northeast, and the Seboois Lake and Seboois River in the centre of the moose country. It would be futile to compare the value of these different runways. They vary from season to season and are governed by no law. The moose is a migrating animal, and one year will confine his movements to one district, and the next select another fifty or a hundred miles away. Last year the best districts were those of Moosehead, Square Lake, Millinockett, the Seboois, and upper Aroostook.

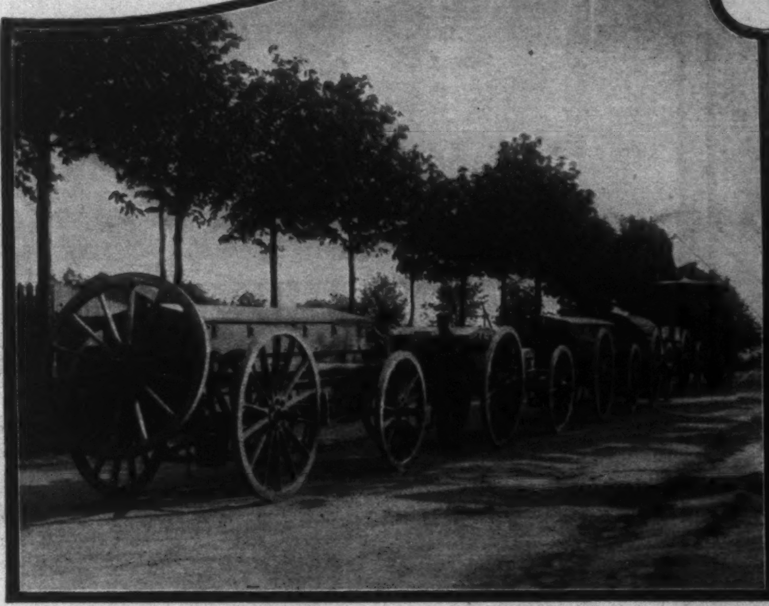
A sportsman takes many risks. He cannot kill a cow moose, nor may he destroy in the open season more than one bull moose.

In most lands the game laws are easily evaded or violated. The poacher is a familiar character in every civilized country. But it is not so in Maine. The natives know the immense pecuniary value of hunting, and assist the game constables with as much zeal as if they themselves were officers of the law. For were the game of Maine to be destroyed, or even decimated, the thousands of sportsmen who annually visit the State, and bring to it more than a hundred dollars apiece, would soon be an idle memory, and the small army of guides, camp-owners, hotel-keepers, boatmen, taxidermists, and stablemen would find their occupation gone.

For visitors whose time is limited, or who are not in good physical condition, the matter of accessibility is often of importance. The Maine railroads are excellent and well managed, and offer the best mode of travel to the districts described. Greenville, at the end of Moosehead Lake, is a railway terminus, as are Katahdin Iron-Works, Patten, and Ashland. Milo, Millinockett, Sherman, Oakfield, Masardis, and Caribou are railway stations. To reach Square Lake one must go to Jemtland by rail, and thence ten miles by buckboard to the lake. To reach Mount Katahdin involves much harder labor. After one leaves the railroad he must depend upon canoes and thereafter upon good locomotor muscles. Every guide has his favorite route, but all may be reduced to three. The first from the west branch of the Penobscot along the Abol trail; the second from Katahdin Lake up the Appalachian trail, and the third is from the Wissataquoik River. Some of the Indian guides recommend a trail from the Sourdnahunk River.

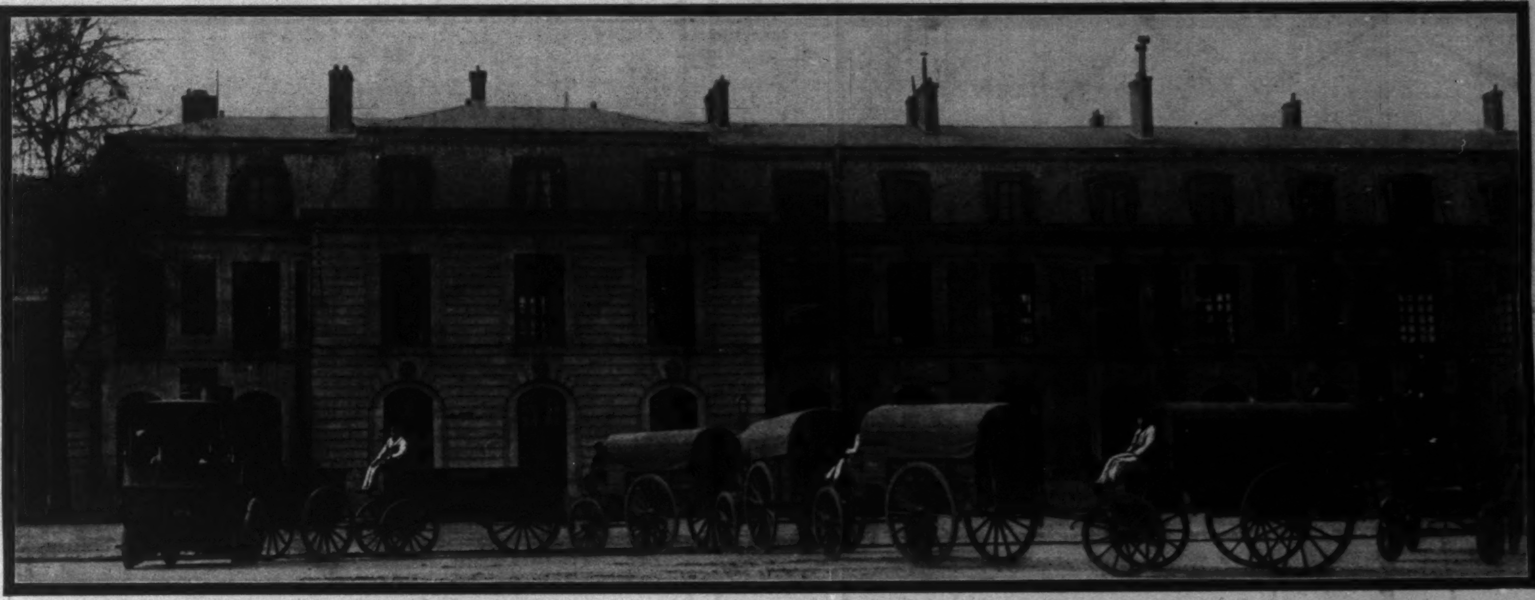
The moose is about the last of the big game animals living in civilized lands. He is a huge creature, standing a trifle higher than a horse, and weighing about the same. His horns, wide, cumbrous, and heavy have a certain rough beauty suggestive of the trunks and branches in a forest after a fire has swept by. They are often five feet from tip to tip, and, large or small, may become very formidable weapons. The head is large, and looks like that of a cow with a slight dash of deer. His appetite may be compared to that of the familiar goat. He eats twigs and bark, as well as leaves, and prefers the maple, ash, birch, and poplar. His dainties are moss, lily-pads, flowers, and roots. These in summer he seeks in pools and streams, and when undisturbed will spend hours knee-deep in water extracting his favorite food. When the weather turns cold in Maine, which is about the middle of September, he gives up aquatic pursuits and goes to the ridges and higher valleys, where he can obtain twigs and bark. Yet even here his old pleasures are not forgotten. Until the streams are thickly frozen he will frequently leave his grazing-ground and go to the nearest body of water, and there, if necessary, break the thin ice in order to have a cheering splash or an exhilarating wade.

Though the moose is a large animal, making an excellent target, it requires considerable skill to kill him at a single shot. He has very heavy bones, which deflect the bullet whenever the latter strikes obliquely. The hunters recommend first the front shot, which is directed at the very centre of the chest; the next in efficiency is the shoulder-shot, fired at a point about two-thirds of the distance from the line of the back to the line of the chest, just above the fore leg. Then come the head shots, which are fired so as to strike the brain. If in front, they should be at a point just above the level of the eyes and midway between them. If on the side, back of the ear at its base; and just above or below the eye, if the head is turned obliquely. Each of these shots causes the animal to fall dead in his tracks. Nearly all others cause the luckless creature great suffering, and only one in ten secures the coveted prize.



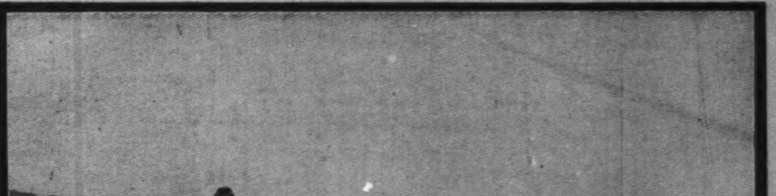
AN AMMUNITION AND PROVISION TRAIN.

MOVING AN AMMUNITION-HOIST.



PRACTICE EVOLUTIONS WITH A TRAIN MADE UP OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF WAGONS.

MOVING A 24-TON GUN.



MOVING A NAVAL-GUN CARRIAGE.

TRACTION-ENGINES IN USE IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

WIDE-OPEN NEW YORK

K *WELCOMES MR. BRYAN*

THE YOUNG QUEEN
BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Her hand still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still on her heel—
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel:
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful bold and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the young Queen rode to be crowned.

And she came to the old Queen's presence, in the hall of our thousand years,
In the hall of the five free nations that are peers among their peers:
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying:—" Crown me, my mother!" and the old Queen stood and said:—

" How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies
Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the notched Kaikouras rise.
Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our friends in thy mouth—
How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South?

" Let the five free nations witness!" But the young Queen answered swift:—
" It shall be crown of our crowning to hold our crown for a gift.
In the days when our folk were feeble thy sword made sure our lands—
Wherefore we come in power to beg our crown at thy hands."

And the old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West—
Lit with her land's own opals, lion-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of the nations five.

So it was done in the presence—in the hall of our thousand years—
In the face of the five free nations that have no peer but their peers;
And the young Queen out of the Southland kneeled down at the old Queen's knee
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jewelled head drooped low:
" Daughter no more but sister, and doubly daughter so—
Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore,
What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before?

" Shall I give thee delight in dominion—rash pride of thy setting forth?
Nay, we be women together—we know what that lust is worth.
Peace on thy utmost borders and strength on a road untrod?
These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of God.

" I have swayed troublous councils—(I am wise in terrible things)
Father and son and grandson I have known the heart of the kings.
Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all wisdom above?
Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love;

" Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows,
Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house,—
God requite thee, my daughter, through the strenuous years to be,
And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"

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THE CARDINAL'S ROSE*

By van Tassel Sutphen

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. This, in turn, he transfers to a third person, who wears his hair *à la* Pompadour. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue de Rennes. He locates this house, and determines to make a visit to it.

CHAPTER IX

THE MAHOGANY CLOTHES-PRESS

IT was four o'clock on the following afternoon when I found myself again in the Rue de Rennes. I had been able to secure a few minutes' private conversation with mademoiselle during the morning, and had told her of my discoveries—of everything, indeed, except my blunder in trying to identify the "Pompadour" with Mr. Arthur Coventry. If that mistake were to do any harm, we should know of it soon enough, and otherwise there was no use in discussing it.

"And now, mademoiselle," I concluded, "I am going to make an attempt this afternoon to learn the secret of the 'yellow house.' I have no particular plan, but somehow I shall get inside its doors. After that I shall be lucky or unlucky, as Fate may dispose the lot. Finally, if I do not return by ten o'clock of to-morrow, Monday morning, you may take such action as may seem best."

"I understand," she said, simply, and held out her hand. And so we parted, and I went on my way to the "yellow house." If only Chance himself might be waiting for me on the threshold!

Arrived at the neighborhood of No. 82, I made a careful examination of its exterior. The building was one of four stories in height, and had an ell at the back that ran to the side street, there being but one house between No. 82 and the corner. The ground-floor had once been used as a shop, but the doors and windows had been boarded up, and it had evidently been unoccupied for a long time. Apparently Maître Vauclot needed and used the entire house, and he was doubtless rich enough to afford the eccentricity.

My plan for gaining admission to the house was simple enough. Dressed in ordinary workman garb, I should represent myself as needing the services of a scrivener to compose a letter to my sister in Alsace. Once inside—but that would take care of itself. I crossed the street, and stood before the door of No. 82. Once, twice, and then three times I wrenched at the rusty bell-pull before the summons was answered. Then the door opened part way (for the chain had been kept on), and a man's face looked out at me.

The man's eyes were extraordinarily bright and piercing, and he kept them unwinkingly upon me as I explained my errand. Was M. Vauclot at home?

For an answer the door was deliberately slammed in my face, and I made up my mind that the acting of a part was not one of my accomplishments. It was only, however, for the purpose of unfastening the chain, for a moment later the door was reopened, and the adventure had begun. The servant did not speak, but he gave a guttural croak that I interpreted into an invitation to enter.

It was a vaulted passage, some thirty feet in length, through which we passed, and it led to an interior court-yard of perhaps fifty feet long by thirty wide.

On three sides it was bordered by the dead-walls of neighboring houses, while on the fourth was the real entrance to No. 82. Pale, unwholesome-looking weeds grew between the cracks of the paving-stones, and in a far corner stood half a dozen lemon-trees and rubber-plants, all dead and withered in their paint-blistered boxes. Outside, the sun was still high in the sky, but not a ray reached to the bottom of this gloomy well-hole.

Through a heavy oak door and up a flight of stairs, and I was ushered into a large first-floor room. There the servant left me, still without saying a word, and I had a chance to study my surroundings.

The apartment was a spacious one, and it occupied the entire front of the house. Consequently, it was built above the vaulted entrance passage, and in addition to its windows that looked on the street, it had one that opened upon the court-yard. The ceiling was high, and the walls, wainscoted in stained oak, were lined with bookshelves.

He had entered so quietly that I had not been aware of his presence until I found him standing at my side, and regarding me intently. It gave me a dislike to the man at once; it is a good general principle to be distrustful of people whose boots never creak.

I stated my request, and he assented with a curt nod, and seated himself at the big table. Now, I had carefully composed the few sentences of my mythical letter, even putting in a few blunders by way of artistic effect. I had only to stammer and hesitate a little in the delivery, and the part would be perfectly played. Unfortunately, I made one blunder too many. I began, in clear and well-modulated tones, "My dear sister—" and then stopped in genuine confusion. I had spoken in English.

Vauclot looked up sharply at me. With presence of mind I might still have carried off the slip, but my wits went scattering like a cloud of feathers. There I sat, flushing up to the eyes.

The man sitting opposite to me crumpled up in his hand the sheet of note-paper, and tossed it contemptuously into the waste-basket.

"Go," he said, harshly.

Out of very shame at being entrapped so easily, I tried to explain, to protest. He cut me short, curtly. "It would be poor policy for me to spoil so clumsy a tool. Perroquet, the door."

There was nothing else to do, and I left the room in bitterness of spirit. I had had my chance, and I had failed at the first throw. In another minute I should be in the street, and the "yellow house" would keep its secrets. Ah, what a wretched bungler I had proved myself!

The servant stood back as I passed into the hall, and followed close upon me as I descended the stairs. My mind was working rapidly now, and when the inspiration came I was ready to seize it.

We had crossed the court-yard, and were about to enter the tunnel, when I turned and gave my attendant a violent shove full in the chest. Taken by surprise, he lost his footing upon the greasy flagstones, and fell flat on his back, while I raced down the passage at top speed.

As I had hoped, the key was in the door. I unlocked and swung it wide open, at the same time slipping between the door and the wall upon which it backed. Fortunately the masonry was recessed so that the door might stand flush with the surface of the wall, and being of slight build, I could squeeze myself into a comparatively narrow space.

I heard the servant give an astonished kind of gasp as he went down, and for an instant he lay half stunned. Then, recovering himself, he found his feet, and came stumbling and stumping down the passage to find the outer door wide open and no one in sight. Through the crack I could see his face as he stepped out cautiously upon the threshold, and it expressed both fear and amazement. He looked up and down the street for at least a dozen times to assure himself that I was really not in sight, and it was a full two minutes before he stepped back into the passage and began to close the door.

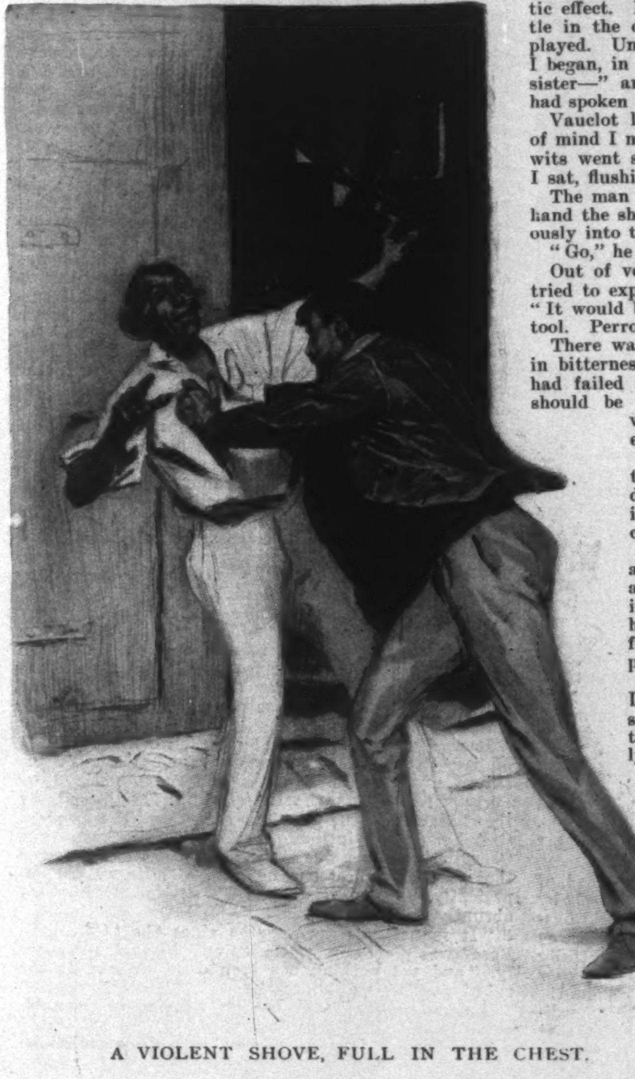
It was the critical moment as the door swung inward, and, of course, it had to come—a sneeze. I did my best to stifle it, but the dust that I had stirred up hung in an irritating cloud about my head, and the sneeze would not be denied. Like murder, it was out; I stood convicted out of my own mouth.

I waited shamefacedly for the man to turn around, but he was still fumbling at the fastenings of the door, and there was not the slightest indication in his manner that he was aware of my proximity. Could it be possible? and my mind harked back to the incident of our brief interview at the door. I recalled how intently his eyes had been fixed upon my face as I talked with him; nay, it was upon my lips that he had hung! Now I understood—the man was deaf and dumb! No wonder that I had sneezed with impunity; for that matter, I might have fired off a pistol at his ear without gaining the honor of his attention. And then I realized sharply that he could still see, if he could not hear, and I pressed back into the farthest corner of my hiding-place. Would he look up? I shut my own eyes, remembering how subtly the thought-waves travel between the watcher and the watched. It was great effort of will, but it had its reward; in another moment he had turned, and was retracing his steps along the passage. The ruse had succeeded, and now I had only to wait as patiently as might be for the friendly darkness that should cover my advance movement.

At half after six I considered that I might venture, and, taking off my boots, I went cautiously through the passage and across the court-yard. The entrance door of the "yellow house" was unfastened, and I had no difficulty in mounting the staircase and in gaining the first landing. My first care must be to familiarize myself with the internal arrangements of the building, and if—as I had reason to suppose—it was inhabited only by Vauclot and his deaf and dumb servant, I ought not to have much difficulty in keeping myself under cover.

As has been said, the office occupied the entire front width of the building. Back of this was an apartment whose door yielded easily to my touch. I entered, and found that it was a dark room, and half filled with a lumber of old furniture. At both ends of the apartment were sliding-doors, whose glass panels had been veiled by silk curtains. As these curtains were on my side of the door, I found no dif-

THE YELLOW HOUSE.



A VIOLENT SHOVE, FULL IN THE CHEST.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2283.

ficulty in taking a survey of Maître Vauclot's office. He himself sat writing at the big table, and the light from a hanging lamp fell full upon his silvered head and fine intellectual face. I could have stood there and watched him indefinitely, but I quickly realized that I should not learn much by so doing, and I made my way cautiously to the glass doors at the other end of the room.

The apartment into which I now looked was furnished as a dining-room, and the table was already set with three covers; perhaps Maître Vauclot was expecting guests for dinner this evening. On the left of the room were windows which must open upon the court-yard, and the door on the right led to the extension of the main building that ran off at right angles and faced upon the side street. This ell probably contained the kitchen and offices, and, indeed, Perroquet entered a moment later with a couple of bottles in his hand. He dusted them off tenderly, and, going to the sideboard, proceeded to decant them.

Letting myself out of the dark room, I went up to the second landing of the staircase, and tried the handle of the door leading to the front room. It turned, and I looked in; it was not necessary to enter, for the room was absolutely bare of furnishing, except for the heavy curtains at the windows. And yet it was from these windows that I had first seen Maître Vauclot pottering genially among his cloth and paper geraniums. False flowers to cheer an empty room! Well, at least there was consistency in the idea. Back of this was another dark and empty closet-room, but the third, *en suite*, corresponding to the dining-room below, was fitted up as a sleeping-apartment. It contained only the indispensable articles of bed-room furniture, and these were of the cheapest and commonest manufacture. In all probability this was Vauclot's own bed-room, but there was nothing about it to call for a more than cursory examination.

The ell extension opened off of this room, but here again the flickering light of a wax match showed only bare and tenantless walls. There was plainly nothing more of interest on this floor, and I went on up to the third story.

As before, I looked first into the front room. It was empty, like the others, save for an immense mahogany clothes-press, or wardrobe, that stood against the wall, dividing this room from the one immediately back of it. While I stood looking at it, and wondering at its possible use, I heard a noise in the hall below—some one was coming up stairs. I stepped into the hall and listened attentively. I knew that shuffling walk by this time—it was Perroquet. He must not see me; but where could I conceal myself if he should happen to come up to this floor?

There was still another story, but the stairs leading to it had been boarded up, and the door at the bottom was locked. Leaning over the stair-rail, I saw that Perroquet, carrying a lighted candle, was already at the foot of the stairs leading to this, the third floor; beyond a doubt he was coming up.

Stepping back into the empty room, I looked about despairingly. I had a presentiment that the man's errand on this floor had to do with the clothes-press, and if so I certainly could not hide there. Besides, I had tried the door, and found it locked. Ah, the balcony! I could step out on that and wait. Throwing up the long window, I sprang out on the balcony, and crouched down on the slatted floor. Hardly had I drawn the window into place, when Perroquet entered the room, carrying a tray covered with a white cloth. In one corner of it a candle had been wedged, so as to stand upright, and allow him the use of both hands in the management of his unwieldy burden.

Placing the tray upon the floor, the old fellow took a key from his pocket, and inserted it into the lock of the clothes-press. There was nothing extraordinary in this, but I was certainly unprepared for what followed. Taking up the tray, Perroquet deliberately hoisted himself through the wardrobe door, and closed it behind him.

Ten, fifteen, and then twenty minutes I mounted guard on the balcony, with my face pressed against the pane, and my eyes glued on that extraordinary clothes-press. And then at last the door swung open, and my man reappeared, quite as though it were the most natural thing in the world for one to step out of a clothes-press with a lighted candle in one hand and an empty tea-tray in the other. The lock was a spring one, and so he merely pushed the door into place, and stumped out into the passageway. I was in the room as soon as he had left it, and my pulse ran up a beat or two as I saw that by some oversight he had left the key sticking in the lock. And then, as I put out my hand to take it, I became aware that Perroquet was coming back; of course, he had missed the key, and was returning to get it.

There was no time for me to get to my balcony, for already the light of his candle was upon the threshold. I turned the knob, and, as the door opened, I slipped inside the clothes-press, taking the key with me. Perhaps he would conclude that he had taken the key out after all, and that it was mislaid in a corner of one of his pockets. I listened, as the footsteps paused in front of the wardrobe, and clumsy fingers fumbled impatiently with the lock. Then I could hear him clattering down the passage, and descending the stairs. For once Chance had been over-kind to me.

The suspense of those waiting moments had been so intense that I had received no impression whatever from my surroundings. I now realized that there was no back to the wardrobe—it simply served to screen the entrance of the room behind it. Cautiously I felt for the door-knob. It yielded. I edged back, then down a step, and knew that I was standing in the secret chamber.

The room was pitch-dark, but I had plenty of wax vestas. I lit one, and looked about me. A curious-looking apartment this! Wainscoted, ceiled, and floored in some kind of unpolished metal, without a window, and with but the one door by which I had entered. And it was absolutely empty save for what seemed to be a heap of rags lying in a corner. An empty room! and yet, as I stand and look, I become aware that it has an occupant. It is Fear himself who lodges here. Out of the flickering shadows a gigantic figure takes shape and advances upon me. I am at the door leading into the clothes-press; it has swung to, and there is no handle on this side. I find the key-hole, but the key slips from my shaking fingers. I hear the clash of metal upon metal—I am on my knees—I have felt for it as far as I can reach—

It seems an eternity before I can get hold of my box of vestas. I drop half a dozen, and scratch another at the wrong end. Then the little flame sputters up to a temporary brilliancy; I force myself to look.

The bundle of rags has resolved itself into a human form, and, as we stare wildly at each other, I recognize Achille, my valet, missing, as you remember, since Friday night. Then the match goes out with a little hiss, and we are in darkness again.

CHAPTER X

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

YOU who know your Balzac will remember Ma'ame Nourisson—that terrible old woman who dressed in a purple-red gown, and whose broad feet seemed to overflow her satin shoes. Her profession? Well, in her own words, it was the part of Fate that she played—an arbiter of Destiny, with particular attention paid to the "family business." Her specialty, indeed, was that delicate field of operation which we may call the removal of the superfluous; a suspicious consort, an unacceptable will, an importunate creditor—it was all one to Ma'ame Nourisson, and although her fees were high, satisfaction was guaranteed, and invariably given.

PERROQUET ENTERED, CARRYING A TRAY.

Now business is business, and a profitable one is not to be lightly abandoned. Ma'ame Nourisson had her successors, trained in her own school, and some of them capable of giving points to the mistress herself. Her profession has become a science—a development of her genius that would have delighted her heart, and which is a veritable monument to her memory. Here in Paris, and in the closing year of the nineteenth century! Why not, if you please? Has human nature changed? Are the husbands all faithful nowadays, and are there no dead men's shoes to be filled? Under the thin black crust of the asphalt the lava fires still burn—the safety-valve must be provided if one would not run the risk of an explosion.

Madame Meibel? Yes; Achille had often heard of her—a rich old woman who made a fool of herself by marrying a boy thirty years her junior. An ill-assorted union, and naturally an unhappy one. It was common report that madame quarrelled frightfully with her boy-husband, to whom she had made over the bulk of her property. The height of folly indeed!

"Gillaudet, the perfumer!" continued Achille, meditatively. "It seems to me that I know the name, that I have seen it somewhere, but just now it escapes me. Probably some good citizen of Meaux or Chantilly, who is accustomed to come to the city once a week to visit his married daughter; he has his pockets stuffed with sweets for the children, and he would as soon think of entering a fiacre as of throwing himself from the Pont Neuf. You know the type, m'sieu. *Enfin!* There comes a day when he does not appear as usual, and that is the end of the story. Pouf! There are many ill winds blowing in Paris."

"And there was a certain M. Victor Berger?" I continued, inquiringly. The three names, as you see, had stuck in my memory.

"Oh, perfectly! an old friend of my aunt's. He used to play picquet with her almost every evening. That is a bad business, I am afraid, m'sieu. As I understand it, the old man happened to unearth some frauds in the commissary department, and there were several handsome names mixed up in it. Old Berger was scrupulously honest, and he deemed it his duty—well, he got more than one weighty hint, but he was Breton, you know, and a perfect mule for stubbornness. Ask yourself if anything can be done with such a man. One fine day there is a vacant stool in his office, and, after waiting a reasonable length of time, the incident is declared closed, and some lucky underclerk gets a rise in the world."

Now as to Achille's own share in this business. He had received a letter from Maître Vauclot—whom he knew slightly—asking him to call at the house in the Rue de Rennes on a matter of business, something in connection with the lease of his aunt's apartments. At noon on Saturday he had stopped at No. 82, on his way to his aunt's house, and had had a long interview with Vauclot. The pretended business had been quickly despatched, and then Vauclot had attempted to sound him in regard to his confidential relations in the Czareska household.

"Ah, m'sieu, it may seem incredible, but under those eyes—you do not comprehend, but I could do nothing but sit there—a block of stone."

I nodded back at the poor fellow. Such hallucinations are not uncommon, and by pretending to understand, the story would not be interrupted.

"And so at last they brought me up here. At least, m'sieu, the eyes had not made me betray my master. Maître Vauclot might steal away my legs, but he could not unlock my lips. This morning another two hours' interview, and it ended in precisely the same way. And that is all."

"Then you have been confined here since the early afternoon of Saturday?"

"That is it, m'sieu. And I have seen no one but that abominable Perroquet, who brings me my meals. An empty room, as you see; nothing to be afraid of in that, one would think. And yet every now and then the cold sweat comes out all over me. What do they do here in this room? What becomes of the people who once enter it? I have asked myself these questions a thousand times, but I get no answer. I am afraid, m'sieu, and that is the truth."

I made another careful survey of the room, but the blank walls told nothing. There was one peculiar feature, however, about the floor. It was of metal, like the walls and ceiling, and it was apparently divided into four triangular sections by diagonal lines running from the corners to the centre. What could be the object of this peculiar construction? Let us suppose that these four triangular sections are hinged at their bases to the wall. Now withdraw the support, whatever it may be, that holds up the centre, and what happens? The four wings drop, and the victim slowly slides down their sloping surfaces to finally disappear into—What? The room below? Perhaps into a chute running through those dark middle apartments into the cellars. And after that—an acid bath, a bed of quicklime, the sewers? I knelt down and scrutinized more closely this infamous trap. I fancied that I could see scratches upon the floor—the marks of finger-nails.

"This way, if m'sieu will be so kind." Achille was standing in a far corner of the room, and pointing to what seemed to be writing done upon the metal surface of the wall. It could only be seen at a certain angle of the light thrown by my dark-lantern—the words looked as though they might have been traced with the wetted head of a match. But once seen, the writing was plain enough to read: "J. Gillaudet, June 27. *Jésu pitié!*"

It was only after a determined effort of will that I again got the best of my jangling nerves. But there was work to be done, and the exigency itself helped at last to steady me. Achille could be of no use; the man was in a state of nervous collapse, and could not even walk without my assistance. Finally we compromised on the balcony of the room outside, where I myself had found a temporary refuge not long ago. The night was warm, and he would suffer no discomfort from being in the open air.

All was quiet in the house, and I made my way without difficulty to the middle room on the first floor, which, it will be remembered, communicated with both the office in the front and with the dining-room in the rear. The dinner was still waiting to be served, so I took my post at the glass doors commanding the front room.

It was a little after eight o'clock when the first of Maître Vauclot's guests arrived, and I almost betrayed myself as he entered the room, ushered by Perroquet. It was the Chevalier du Midi, and, by the character of the greetings exchanged, it was plain that he was on intimate terms with his host. The Chevalier's manner was excited, and he seemed annoyed that the other guest had not arrived. He walked impatiently up and down the room, and then stood abruptly at his host's chair.

"It is nearly three months since the 'Cardinal's Rose' was placed in your keeping," he said, petulantly, "and yet nothing has been done. Where is the ruby? Let me see it."

"By all means," said Vauclot, turning to the cabinet-secretary.

There was a false panel back of a drawer that he

proceeded to pull out, and the desk stood so near the glass doors that I had no difficulty in seeing the position of the spring. The panel flew open, and disclosed a recess, from which Maître Vauclot took a small box that he handed to the young man. The Chevalier drew from the box a chamois-leather bag, and opened it eagerly. And I, looking with all my eyes, saw the great ruby at last, the glorious "Cardinal's Rose," with its heart of living flame. A king's ransom, mind you, and lying in the hollow of a man's hand!

"Superb! Magnificent!" and, as it were, we all started and looked up, to find Mr. Arthur Coventry bending smilingly over the Chevalier's shoulder. The Chevalier turned on him quickly.

"All very well, Coventry, but what is being done, tell me that? Here is the 'Cardinal's Rose,' but where are the rifles, the machine-guns, the supplies of medicine, of food, of ammunition?"

Mr. Coventry was perfectly self-possessed, and with admirable coolness he proceeded to put the younger man completely in the wrong. Such a delicate piece of business could not be hurried; the "Cardinal's Rose" was not an ordinary piece of security upon which one might raise the cost of a dinner at the *Mont de Piété*. For all that, he had not been losing time, and the negotiation was even now about to be closed. The Littigs were cautious people, but they had consented to the proposal of a loan, with the "Cardinal's Rose" as the pledge for the millions to be advanced. But it was a dangerous venture, and the indemnity would be enormous.

The young man listened moodily to this harangue, but he offered no further remonstrance, and Perroquet now appeared, and intimated that dinner was served. Vauclot took the jewel, and carefully replaced it in the secret compartment of the cabinet; then, with a great show of deference, he motioned to the Chevalier that he should lead the way out. Like a sulky boy, du Midi obeyed, Vauclot and Coventry standing aside, and bowing as he passed.

The night was warm, and as Coventry turned he drew his handkerchief with a careless hand across his forehead. And there, revealed by the full glare of the gas-light, was a glint of reddish hair under the smooth black locks that he wore plastered down so closely about his ears. This, then, was the final solution of the mystery that had puzzled me for so long. It was "Pompadour" who was the real man, it was Coventry who had worn the mask! A daring transposition of rôles, but how cleverly it had been carried out!

I waited only long enough to make sure, from my second point of vantage, that the party were safely seated at table with Perroquet in attendance. Then, still in my stockinged feet, I entered the front room, and stood beside the cabinet-secretary. The spring yielded to my touch, the little chamois-leather bag was in my hand, and then quickly transferred to my inside waistcoat pocket. My task was accomplished; now I had only to go back after Achille, and I might take leave forever of Maître Vauclot and of the "yellow house." *L'homme propose.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PROGRESS *of the* CAMPAIGN

THE national campaign has entered what might be called its final stage. Less than a month remains in which to appeal to the voters, to stir up enthusiasm, and to perfect party machinery toward securing the fullest possible vote. Mass-meetings are being held throughout the length and breadth of the northern part of the United States—in many places nightly, and in almost every hamlet and village at least two times a week. Polls are being made to test the popular pulse, vast quantities of campaign literature are being sent out, preparations are being made for "grand demonstrations" in the leading cities of the country for their impressive effect from a spectacular stand-point, and from this time on all apathy in the Presidential contest will probably be dispelled. There are indications not only that the professional politicians and their immediate followers are being worked up to a high pitch of excitement, but that also the vast commercial interests of the country, and the interests centring about the laboring-man, as well as the great mass of rank and file of citizens, are becoming intensely interested. There has been no marked change in dealing with the issues of the day, except, as was noted last week, that the Imperialism issue seems to have lost strength, and still seems to be slipping swiftly into obscurity. The Democratic campaign now seems to be aimed at Trusts chiefly. The Republicans assert that this is causing embarrassment to the Democrats, because of the Ice Trust disclosures in New York, and because of the alleged connection of National Chairman Jones with the Round Cotton-Bale Trust. The assertion is also made that the labor unions themselves are among the most complete trusts in existence, and that an appeal to the labor vote on that ground must have little effect among working-men who think. The great coal strike in Pennsylvania has not yet begun to play any marked prominence in the campaign, and the Republican managers assert that the laboring-men will not favor the Democratic party for fear of a return of the non-productive days of the Cleveland administration. The Republicans are clinging with persistence to the Prosperity and Expansion issues, and are asserting that on the question of Trusts they have presented the only reasonable legislation and reasonable attempts at legislation in both State and national law-making bodies.

ON the oratorical side of the campaign, Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt, of course, continue practically to monopolize public attention. Governor Roosevelt has ended his tour in Kansas and Nebraska, and has finished his trip in the Far West. His immediate work hereafter will be done in the Central West, following which he will return to New York State to finish the campaign. Mr. Bryan has spoken in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Indiana, and has started East for his trip of several days in New York State. It seems to be recognized generally that Mr. Bryan needs to have New York State in order to ensure Democratic success. Mr. Croker has practically promised the State to Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bryan's trip through the Empire State will mark the turning-point of the Democratic campaign. It is agreed generally that if Mr. Bryan should carry New York, there need be little doubt of his election.

Governor Roosevelt has not varied the tone of his speeches much. He has attacked Mr. Bryan vigorously, especially so in Lincoln, Nebraska, Mr. Bryan's home, where he was greeted by an audience estimated at fully 40,000. In no State of the West has Mr. Roosevelt been the recipient of more enthusiasm than in Nebraska. There has been no repetition of an attempt to mob him. Colonel Bryan in his speeches has varied the burden of his remarks according to the audience concerned, and has made some statements which have excited surprise. One of these was a question which he asked of South Dakota farmers. He wanted to know how it was that a country that could lend money to other countries could be considered in a prosperous condition. He asked the farmers if that was a real sign of prosperity. In another speech Mr. Bryan said that no "broken-down prince" should ever marry his daughter. In still another address he said that the hymn "My Country, 'tis of Thee" should read, under Republican rule, "My Country, Land of Hypocrisy." In still another speech he said that Republicans, instead of desiring to haul down the statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, ought to put up another statue of Liberty in Manila Harbor, proclaiming freedom to the Filipinos. Colonel Bryan, like Governor Roosevelt, has been greeted with enormous crowds, and demonstrations of enthusiasm have marked the progress of his campaign. Mr. Bryan will be accompanied on his Eastern trip by "Golden Rule" Jones, the well-known Mayor of Toledo, Ohio.

WHEN Colonel Bryan reaches Madison Square Garden on the night of October 16, probably what will be the most enthusiastic and greatest political demonstration ever seen in this country of a single evening will be in full swing. It will be peculiarly a night of triumph for Mr. Bryan. Four years ago, Mr. Croker, the Tammany Hall leader, went away to Europe to sulk during the national campaign. When Mr. Bryan spoke in Madison Square Garden, two-thirds of the audience got up and went out, and the next week Bourke Cockran answered Mr. Bryan in the same place before an audience that filled the big hall and remained to the very end of the evening's exercises. This time Mr. Croker is managing the entire reception of Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bryan will also have the extreme satisfaction of having Bourke Cockran stand beside him on the platform as a willing captive and as an advocate of matchless eloquence for his election. The tower of Madison Square Garden is to be turned into a veritable volcano, spouting fireworks high into the air, and for the mile between Madison Square Garden and Cooper Union, fireworks, banners, music, and crowds are to make memorable a trip in an open carriage by the Democratic candidate for President. The demonstration will cost the Tammany Hall followers tens upon tens of thousands of dollars, and it is not at all unlikely that the Republican managers will ask where this money comes from, and some will be so bold as to assert that the gamblers, brothel-house keepers, saloons, swindling games promoters, and all others who have been permitted to break the laws for the personal profit of Tammany Hall heelers, have been assessed specially to promote the demonstration in favor of Mr. Bryan. Whether the Republicans can produce positive evidence to this effect, and whether the Democrats will take notice of the matter, are affairs which need no comment here. What the effect of this Tammany Hall welcome to Bryan will be upon the country is problematic. It will probably draw renewed attention to Tammany Hall as a national political factor, and the Republicans assert will arouse intense hostility to the Democratic management, and thus increase the Republican vote.

CHAIRMAN HANNA of the National Republican Committee has returned to Chicago from New York, and is probably the busiest man in the so-called Windy City. There can be no question but that Mr. Hanna has been a success this year as a campaign speaker. He addressed several meetings in New York city just before he left for the West, and no sooner had he reached Chicago than there was a demand for his services in that city. It is announced that he will probably speak in the Northwest, in addition to giving up his time as completely as possible to the management of the Republican campaign.

Just before he went West Senator Hanna said at the noon meeting in New York of the Wholesale Dry-Goods Republican Club, where 3500 business men had crowded to meet him:

"I don't think it necessary to waste a moment on Imperialism. It was merely an attempt to draw attention from the real issue, and was wiped out by President McKinley's letter of acceptance. I challenge any man to point out one single act of President McKinley that has not been for our national prosperity."

The next day, at the noon meeting of the Commercial Travellers' McKinley and Roosevelt Club in New York, Mr. Hanna said:

"The real significance of the campaign is our fight for home and bread, and for the continuation of the prosperous conditions we have known during the present administration. Any man who seeks to divide the interests of capital and the working-man, which are identical, is asserting a doctrine injurious to his country."

In Chicago, on October 2, before the Commercial Travellers' McKinley Club, Mr. Hanna said:

"It is an impossibility, a humbug, to talk about a man like William McKinley becoming an emperor."

In an interview on the same day Mr. Hanna said, in reference to the coal strike in the East:

"The man who could do something to end the strike and failed, or who would put a straw in the way of a settlement of the strike, should be strung up to a lamp-post."

Next to Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt, Mr. Hanna undoubtedly has been the most vigorous and interesting personality in the campaign.

THE time has arrived when the political outlook in the various States is being canvassed thoroughly. The national political managers are preparing, from time to time, tables as to the way the national result is expected to turn out. The Republicans have given out an estimate of the electoral strength of both parties. This estimate gives to Mr. Bryan 112 sure electoral votes, and to Mr. McKinley 266 sure electoral votes. It gives 54 electoral votes as doubtful, and leaves Indiana out of the reckoning entirely. The Republican national managers say that with Indiana they will have 281 electoral votes, 224 being the number necessary to elect. They add that they will try to give McKinley 312 electoral votes by carrying Colorado, Idaho, Kentucky, Nebraska, and Utah from the list of doubtful States into the list of Republican States. According to this classification the only doubtful States will be Missouri, Montana, and Nevada. The 112 electoral votes assigned to Mr. Bryan are those coming from eleven Southern States.

The Democrats responded to this electoral vote estimate at once. Vice-Chairman Johnson gave out a statement at the national headquarters in Chicago that Bryan would surely have 326 votes, and McKinley would have 88. The doubtful States were given as Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, and Wisconsin. McKinley's States were announced as Connecticut, New Hampshire, Iowa, Massachusetts, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, West Virginia. All the rest were for Bryan. There was no suggestion of a joke in Mr. Johnson's manner when he gave out the list. It was not necessary; the list spoke for itself.

The Republican State Committee of Kansas has issued a formal statement that Kansas will give McKinley at least 25,000 plurality, and the party managers estimate that Governor Roosevelt's trip through the State has been productive of a large amount of this estimated plurality. In Nebraska, both the Republicans and the Democrats say that they are practically certain of winning the fight. The truth of the matter is that probably Nebraska is more of a doubtful State than four years ago, when it was several days before the real result of its decision for Bryan was known. Senator Lodge, who has been campaigning in the West with Governor Roosevelt, has returned, and says that he considers Utah, Wyoming, South Dakota, and Kansas sure for McKinley.

THE Daly faction in Montana has nominated a full State ticket in opposition to the Clark faction, but both factions are supporting the same electors for President. There is a prospect that the Republican State ticket will be elected in Montana, even if Bryan should carry the State. Republican harmony has been secured at last in Delaware, the Addicks and the Higgins-Dupont factions having finally agreed upon one State ticket. What are known as the "Little Town Elections" in Connecticut have been held, and the result was an overwhelming victory for the Republicans, indicating that there is no hope of Democratic success in that State in November. The Massachusetts Democrats have held their State convention, and have nominated Robert Treat Paine, Jr., candidate of last year, for Governor. Senator Foraker says that the Republican majority in Ohio will beat all records. Mr. H. H. Hanna, of Indianapolis, the well-known sound-money champion, declares that Indiana will vote for McKinley, but by a reduced vote from that of four years ago. National Chairman Hanna declares that there is no doubt of New York voting for McKinley.

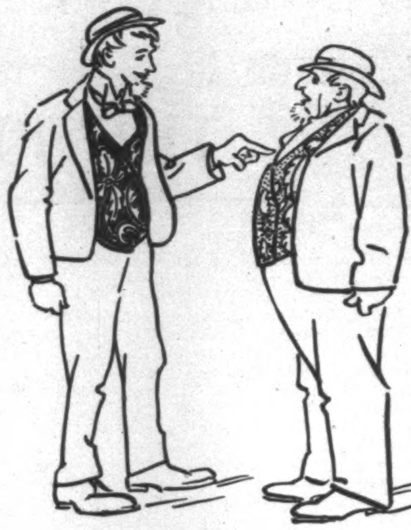
THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

Fields as Smallus.

THE comic stage in New York is this year littered with broken English as it never was before. At least four theatres have already made their appeal to the public in that way during the present season; and six actors with the art of combining disjected members of the German and English language in their speech, as nearly their chief stock in trade, are about the most popular low comedians on the metropolitan stage. Most of these are destined to remain on view during nearly all the winter months, and the two most conspicuous in this class are permanently kept in New York at their little theatre on Broadway. It will be seen from this condition of affairs that the German dialect has not lost its force as a factor in New York's amusement. Nothing seems so permeating, next to the ragtime music, as this dialect, and its exponents are valued as no other entertainers on the burlesque stage. At their own theatre Messrs. Weber and Fields are as popular as ever, while the Rogers Brothers at the Victoria seem likely to spend as much of the present winter in New York as they did last year. At the Casino the Bernard Brothers give a less equal representation of the power of dialect than either of the other two pairs of entertainers. Louis Mann is unique, and his humor in "All on Account of Eliza" was without the aid that a responsive associate gives. None of the sextet of German-American comedians who have the field to themselves today could have done so well without this assistance as Mr. Mann did in the slender farce at the Garrick. Experts in dialects of this kind have declared that he stood at the head of such actors, and was much more of a master at breaking the English language than any of his rivals. Mr. Mann sometimes seems funnier than the others occupied in this way, and he always seems to be working much harder than any of the others. So he may be the best in a professional judgment, although it is doubtful if the lay mind could appreciate any difference in the merit of Weber and Fields, the Rogers Brothers, and Sam Bernard so far as the mere fun of their talk goes. Yet it is easy for the untrained ear to realize that a difference does exist in dialects when a beginner like the Mr. Bernard, who is not Sam, enters the field. He is at the Casino now in "The Belle of Bohemia," appearing when his brother is not on the stage and vanishing whenever he is sighted, in order that persons may constantly take one for the other, and create the usual misunderstandings that are bound to come when mistakes through personal resemblance are the elements of a play. Nobody in the audience ever takes one of the Bernards for the other, any more than it would be possible to overlook the fact that there are differences in German dialect. The junior Bernard bears the same relations to virtuosi like his brother, Messrs. Weber and Fields, and the Rogers Brothers that a phonographic reproduction of voice does to the original. Generally all that gives quality, timbre, and character to the organ is lost when it is heard coming from the machine. That is the effect of the younger Bernardine dialect that proclaims so eloquently how great the difference may be in the varieties.

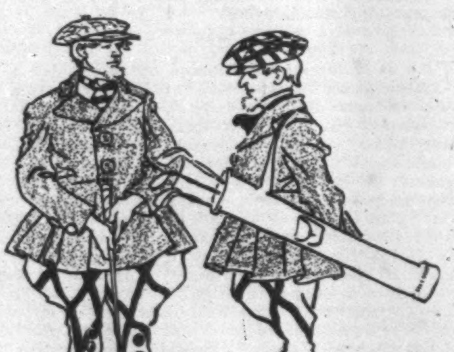
ONLY the best kind could have built the marble-fronted theatre on Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street into one of the most characteristic places of amusement that exist in New York to-day. It is as distinctive a part of city life—in its way—as the Metropolitan Opera House, and holds a more decided place in the city's scheme of amusements than any other theatre. Since Harrigan and Hart knew their first popularity here, there has never been any personal vogue so strong as that which the performers at this theatre enjoy. During its five years of existence there have been many prophecies that taste would drift away from the house, as it had from many others before it, and leave the actors struggling to recover their lost approval, and struggling in vain, as some of their predecessors have often done. But nothing of the kind has happened. This institution built on broken English has never known its prosperity to waver. So it is small wonder that the confidence of managers was directed toward dialect, to the great advantage of actors who had never before been able to make use of that gift outside of the music-halls. They were called to the high places, however, so soon as their ability to talk with the same comical incomprehensibility was established, and New York contentedly takes most of its entertainment from them. Potent as dialect was at the outset in settling the fortunes of Weber & Fields', there has been much else to make the continued success of the theatre easily comprehensible. Travesty of a more amusing and appreciative type than any other theatre has ever shown may always be seen there. There is no particular taste for burlesque among New-Yorkers, and travesty for its own sake will never be accepted. But the burlesquers at Weber & Fields' always contrive to retain the humor that comes from parody, while they add enough that is intrinsically amusing to entertain persons who may not be familiar enough with the original to enjoy the burlesque that the actors provide. Travesty of popular plays at Weber & Fields' has always this quality. It is possibly not so evident in "Quo Vass Iss," the current perversion of the widely known "Quo Vadis," for that falls too far below "The Conquerors," "Catharine," and some of the earlier performances to be most characteristic of all the good things that a Weber & Fields' burlesque may contain. "Quo Vadis" was almost burlesque as soon as it got on the stage in any form, and there was not as much left for the Weber & Fields' actors to do with it as they found in previous originals. Plays that are an approach to real life can be more readily made ridiculous than those dealing with such a theme as "Quo Vadis" treats. If their present work in "Quo Vass Iss" is less satisfactory than some others, it is only a comparative disappointment. In any other theatre there would have been no complaint against the quality of the burlesque. But the standard is high at Weber & Fields', and its managers must suffer from the disadvantage of having done so well that only the best is always expected. Since it became evident that the New York public was to cherish the little theatre in which the pervading broken English was first domiciled, there has never been any attempt to lower the standard. Many managers, relying on the vogue they have already acquired, would have concerned themselves less about the character of the performance, so long as it reached a certain level, than about the immediate profit to be made by realizing on their great popularity and making hay while the sun shone. The managers have preferred to keep the sun shining a long time by adding every year to the distinguished company of actors they already possessed. De Wolf Hopper came this year, and Fay Templeton returned to restore to the theatre the most delicate and appreciative burlesque acting ever seen there. David Warfield, Charles Ross, and John T. Kelly are among that coterie, which seems this year, through a certain lack of the accustomed unity and homogeneity in the fun-making, to include rather too many actors that have been stars. But the singleness of purpose that has always been the best feature of the Weber & Fields' performances will undoubtedly come after the new members of the group have become more accustomed to one another's methods. It would be an unresponsive comedian who did not find himself at home on that stage eventually.



"You haven't the delicatessen in your nature, as I have."

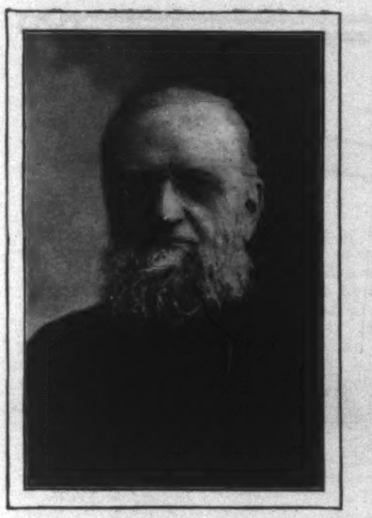
"Vhat a lovely dislocated spot this is!"

THE Rogers Brothers, who obeyed the Macedonian call to come out of the music-halls and take their places along with the other broken-English comedians who have the ear of the public now, have relied unaidedly on the value of their own personalities and their dialect. They were always described on the music-hall programmes as merely the Rogers Brothers, and they have been satisfied to cling to that designation since they came to the front with that small army of semi-Teutonic invaders. Only their topographical situation is presumed to interest the public. Last year they were in Wall Street, and this year the title of their musical burlesque locates them in Central Park. Less than one German dialect varies from another are the two farces which the Rogers Brothers have played dissimilar, and John J. McNally, who has written both, followed this time his usual plan of starting with an idea which seemed capable of development into brisk farce. Two Germans, under the impression they are buying Central Park in New York, become the owners of a village in a Missouri town. They come here to take possession of their own, and the beginning of the play finds them in that predicament. Here was an idea that might have been followed for more than ten minutes if the dramatist or the actors cared to. Presumably they thought it



"I like summer—you can always dress so fancy!"

"You have a figure like a glass o' water."



Thos. G. Shearman

NO doubt the thing that has had the most to do with making Brooklyn great has been the fortunate propinquity of Manhattan Island. But there have been men who lived in Brooklyn who have had something to do with it. One of them was Thomas Gaskell Shearman, who died at his home on September 29. He had been a resident of Brooklyn for forty-three years, and during most of that time he was a leading citizen of the town, and so conspicuous in all its crises that he became known throughout the country as a Brooklyn leader. Especially he was a mainstay of Plymouth Church, superintendent at one time of its Sunday-school, the counsel of its pastor, Mr. Beecher, when Theodore Tilton sued him, and prominent and audible always in its councils. It was through his connection with Plymouth Church, when history was making there, that he was most widely known, but in church and out he was an urgent citizen whose force was felt in many directions. He was born in Birmingham, England, in 1834, was brought to New York in 1843, and left school at thirteen to earn his living. Until he was twenty-five he worked in a dry-goods store. Then he studied law in the office of Lyman Abbott, who was at that time a lawyer. In 1857 he moved to Brooklyn, and two years later was admitted to the bar. He soon made his mark as a lawyer, and in 1868 became a partner of David Dudley Field. Later, Mr. John W. Stirling joined the firm, which in 1873 became Shearman & Stirling. Among its more noted clients were Jay Gould and the Erie Railroad.

Mr. Shearman was as active in politics as in other things. He was a Republican from the organization of that party until 1884, when he supported Mr. Cleveland. He was a free-trader, and also a believer in Henry George's theory of the single tax, as well as a friend and supporter of George himself. When the Boer war began to be discussed in this country he took sides strongly with the British, and his latest public utterances were in defence and justification of their policy.

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safer to rely on their wittily tangled and complicated conversation, their political jokes, the pretty women, and their songs. So the story disappears early, and never shows its head again, and it must be admitted that there is not the least loss of merriment for that reason. The Rogers Brothers know their public when they merely call their plays by their own names, with an incidental allusion to their whereabouts. That is sufficient indication of what is to be expected.

DRAMATIC sequence is not extinguished so suddenly at the Casino, where the two Bernards in "The Belle of Bohemia" are engaged in showing how much difference there may be in German dialect humor as the two Dromios of a musical farce produced with the graceful action, unflagging animation, and sparkle of which George Lederer is a master. An expert in dialect would probably be compelled to admit that Sam Bernard, like Louis Mann, had considerably more in his equipment as a comedian than his merely tortuous way of rending the vernacular. That is just at present his stock in trade, because there is nothing else which he possesses that is in such demand. But there are frequent indications in Mr. Bernard's acting of a comic talent that will some day carry him, along with Mr. Mann, beyond the need of broken English. Anybody who saw the latter in "All on Account of Eliza" will admit that he came very near depicting real character. Sometimes there are equally convincing evidences of such a capacity in Mr. Bernard's case, although his opportunities have so far been few, and his broadly comic powers are still too much in demand to allow him time for more ambitious work. In these particulars, more than any others, do these two comedians seem different from their colleagues. Messrs. Weber and Fields and the Rogers Brothers could never have acquired their present popularity if their comicality did not appeal to a large public. The former could never have prosperously made their theatre one of the most distinctive in the city without the power of being amusing themselves, and of understanding what was needed to make an entertainment that could survive so prosperously; nor would the Rogers Brothers have remained long away from music-halls had their whimsicality not deserved their enduring approval. These four comedians have proved themselves the most popular of their kind at present; but there is more promise for the future in the work of Messrs. Mann and Bernard, who seem likely some day to shake off the restraint of dialect as the secret of their chief power to amuse.

UNIQUE among the comedians who are amusing New York now, and not doing violence to the language while he is about it, is Francis Wilson, at the Knickerbocker. "The Monks of Malabar," by Cheever Goodwin and Ludwig Englaender, is a return to the kind of comic opera with which Mr. Wilson's talents have chiefly been identified. He dances and sings, thoughtless of the ambitions that troubled him when "Cyrano de Bergerac" was his medium, and he does both of these things quite as much to his purpose as he ever did. He even shaves a man in the last act, and while disguised as a barber, pays his only deference to the taste of the day for broken English. He mixes it with a French accent, however, and thereby keeps his reputation for being the only funny man not to try the usual formula. Of course De Wolf Hopper, at Weber & Fields' leaves all the dialect to his principal associates, but their theatre is the temple of broken English, and everybody there is more or less consecrated to its preservation. Admirers of Francis Wilson will wonder how he continues to do the same thing so well, after having supplied nearly the same entertainment, so far as his personal share of it goes, in so many different forms. It is a tribute to his natural humor that he has accomplished so much with the conventionality of "The Monks of Malabar." For it is a great deal to be doing as amusingly as he ever did all the things characteristic of his acting at its best.

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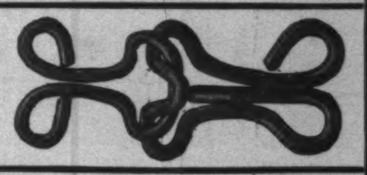

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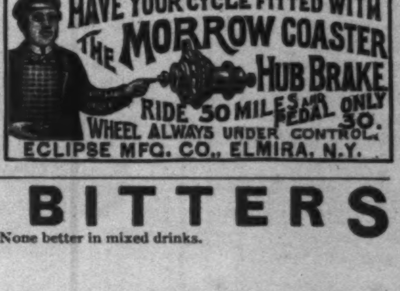

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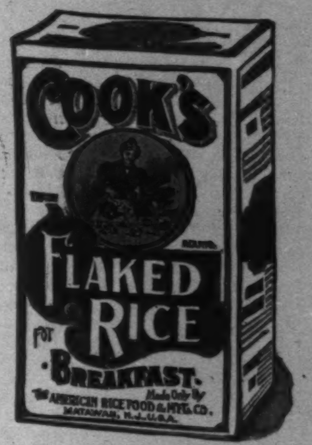

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THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THE statement was erroneously made in this department of the WEEKLY two weeks ago that when Mr. Brockway, of the Elmira Reformatory, was accused of excessive severity in punishing inmates he was vindicated by the State Board of Charities. What was left of the committee of the State Board which investigated the charges against him reported that they were amply proved, and found Mr. Brockway guilty of cruelty, and recommended that corporal punishment as practised at the Reformatory should be prohibited by law. The commission that vindicated Mr. Brockway was one appointed by Governor Flower, subsequent to the issue of the State Board's report. It consisted of Judge William L. Learned, of Albany, Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, and Israel T. Deyo, of Binghamton. The State Board of Charities' committee, the report of which was so strongly adverse to Mr. Brockway, was originally made up of Oscar Craig, of Rochester, President of the State Board, Dr. Stephen Smith, of New York, and Mr. Edward H. Litchfield. Of these gentlemen Mr. Craig died while the investigation was going on, Dr. Smith went to Europe, and Mr. Litchfield alone made and signed the report. The withdrawal of two members of the committee impaired the authority of the report. The investigation was called a one-man investigation, and it was objected also that Mr. Brockway and the Reformatory managers should have been permitted, through their counsel, to cross-examine the witnesses against them. The sentiment that Brockway and the Reformatory managers should not be condemned without a further and fairer hearing was strong and general, and amply warranted the relegation of the matter to the new commission. That commission vindicated Mr. Brockway. For better or worse, however, corporal punishment has ceased to be part of the system at the Elmira Reformatory. Flogging is a mighty disagreeable business. This generation of Americans neither likes it nor believes in its reformatory power. Still, in the cases of certain classes of criminals, despair at the bad results of other methods of correction is constantly driving penologists to doubt whether in the long-run the disuse of corporal punishment is going to prove wise and merciful or not. Only last week the newspapers reported a large increase of insanity among the convicts at Elmira. It is no more safe to judge the present management at Elmira on the strength of newspaper reports than it was to judge the management that has been superseded, but the maintenance of discipline at such an institution demands some form of punishment for convicts who persistently misbehave. If corporal punishment is ruled out, confinement seems to be the only alternative, and to that it is objected that it tends to drive men mad. Dealing with incorrigibles is a very hard problem.

Corporal punishment was only an incident of Mr. Brockway's work at Elmira, yet his detractors habitually speak as if the only important work he did there was to paddle refractory youths. Resentment on his account, however, does not justify distrust of the new management. It has a hard job ahead of it, and we are bound to hope that it will do well. Without doubt Governor Roosevelt has done his best to put the Elmira Reformatory into competent hands.

MENTION was made in the WEEKLY of September 28 of a paid advertisement which appeared in a New York State newspaper, and which recorded the recent triumphal appearance of Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, at the Concord, New Hampshire, State fair. It was suggested that this was an instance, the first noticed, of the employment of patent-medicine methods by Christian Scientists. An explanation of this advertisement has since been furnished. It is explained that in Syracuse, where it appeared, the newspapers are somewhat inhospitable to Christian Science news and notices, and that the Christian Scientists of that town find it expedient, in order to get their communications and items that concern their movement before the public, to hire space by the year in the local papers wherein they may publish what they choose. Political parties sometimes do the same thing in towns where they have no organ. Christian Scientists feel that when they advertise their concerns in this way they are calling attention not so much to a method of cure as to a phase of religious belief. Therefore they grieve to have it said that they are using "patent-medicine methods."

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG, who is one of the general officers of the army who have been cited as opponents of the army canteen, has written a letter to General Corbin to say that though he formerly looked with disfavor on the proposition to sell beer to soldiers at army canteens, that view was not based on personal observation. Since then, he says, the unanimity of opinion among line and medical officers that the canteen works well and diminishes drunkenness has constrained him to admit that practically the canteen is a good thing.

The rising against the canteen, which was started with so much vigor as part of the present political campaign, seems not to have panned out well. The W. C. T. U. has generally refused to back up the anti-canteen prayer-chain, and we hear no more of that. The truth is that the canteen can only be fought successfully on the ground that it is morally wrong to drink or sell any intoxicant in any quantity, and comparatively few persons believe that. Wherever the working and effects of the canteen are duly investigated it is found that it diminishes drunkenness and disorder among soldiers. It has been a good thing to have the canteen brought to public notice, for fair-minded people who know how it works are bound to approve it.

IT is told of Mr. John Contee Fairfax, who died on September 28, at Northampton, Maryland, that though he was a baron of the peerage of Scotland and his rank and title were recognized in Great Britain, he never made use of them at home, and never went abroad. It was nothing more than good sense in Mr. Fairfax not to use his title in Maryland, but that he never cared to visit England, where it was good, and where peerages are still very much in fashion, argues a tranquillity of mind and an entire satisfaction with republican plain-living which persuades the observer that he must have been a superior man. It was like having a good pair of stilts in one's garret for a whole lifetime and never caring to use them.

Mr. Fairfax was the descendant and successor of that Lord Fairfax who was the early friend and patron of George Washington. He was born seventy years ago in Fairfax County, Virginia, and in early life practised medicine in Washington, but for a long time he had lived a country gentleman's life in Maryland. Two of his sons live in New York, and one of them has inherited the family title, which will probably continue to be stored away in the family garret. No doubt a British title of good quality and in good repair makes pleasing furniture for an American garret.

INFORMATION comes from Denver that a young man from New Haven lately passed through that town bound for Java, where his errand is to find the Pithecanthropus. A German professor is said to be on the point of starting from Jena on the same errand, and the New Haven youth is quoted as expressing confidence that he will outfoot his German rival in this quest. The Pithecanthropus, it seems, is the Missing Link, and readers may recall a newspaper story published some time ago about traces of the creature being found in Java. We must all hope that the New Haven man may catch him, but if the Pithecanthropus is half as hard to find in Java as Aguinaldo is in Luzon, the young adventurer's work is cut out for him.

WHEN Secretary Hay reached New Hampshire this summer he took to his bed, and it took him weeks to get over the immediate effects of hard work in superheated Washington. Secretary Root, a little later, had a similar experience at Southampton. The President staid away from Washington as much as possible, in spite of the inconvenience of being absent from the seat of government. It was a very hot summer, and for most of the responsible officers of the national government a very busy one, and the objections to Washington as a place of residence and labor in July and August were unusually serious.

It is possible that sometime when the country feels rich it will build a summer home for the President. If a house were maintained for him at some salubrious place not too far from the seat of government, it is probable that he would be glad to use it when Washington got too hot for comfort, and as soon as it became certain that the President would go to the same place every summer, provision would be made there for all officers of government who ought to be within consulting distance of him. Washington summers waste the strength of our rulers, and it is a serious matter for the country to have the health of too many of its chief executive officers run down at the same time.

IN speaking of ministers' salaries it was remarked the other day in the WEEKLY that some admirable ministers have liked big salaries, and that Bishop Brooks was one, because he did not want to concern himself about money, and did not object to having enough, so that he could bestow his mind elsewhere.

A Boston reader, who fears that these remarks have tended to make Dr. Brooks appear unduly gainful, says that when Dr. Brooks came to Boston in 1869 his salary was $6000. After the Boston fire, in which Trinity Church was destroyed, he asked to have his salary reduced one-half until the church recovered from the disaster, but it was not done. Afterwards his salary was somewhat increased, though not at his request. During a year which he spent abroad he declined to receive any salary from his church. When he became Bishop of Massachusetts, he received a salary about one-half as large as he had had from Trinity Church, and declined to have it supplemented by the church he left. Our informant adds: "As Mr. Brooks might have received from Trinity Church any salary for which he cared to ask, and might have largely increased his income had he been willing to give some of his time to other work than preaching, it would be unjust to him if an impression were to be given that he ever considered his talents or his popularity from a financial stand-point."

It would indeed be very unjust, but such an impression would be hard to establish even if one wished to convey it. Dr. Phillips Brooks was so well known and so universally honored that disparaging deductions would not readily be drawn from any statement concerning him.

ONE of the signs of the times—a sign that grows more and more noticeable as the years increase—is the amount of attention paid in the public prints to very rich young men. There was nothing thirty years ago like the attention paid nowadays to the young Vanderbilts. There are several of them, all under twenty-five, whose movements and intentions and various enterprises are as closely followed as though they were statesmen active in public life. They are all, so far as appears, exemplary young men and modest, and unconcerned with self-advertisement, yet whatever any one of them does that is in the least important to himself is considered to be important to the public also. When William comes from Newport to New York on his racing automobile, his progress is reported from town to town, and diligent narrators tell us not only what time he made, but what he had to eat, and how his servant looked; when Cornelius goes to a convention at Saratoga, his appearance as a delegate is estimated to have more "news" in it and is more impressed on the public mind than any other incident of the convention. So when he hires a big house for the winter, it is recorded in all the papers, and announced in some of them in big letters on the front page. When Alfred comes to town and goes to work at a salary of $100 a month, due note is taken of that also. What is more, the people who read about these young men are interested in what they read. These young men start in life as public characters, not by dint of precocious achievement, but because of inherited position and inherited or expected wealth. So it is with the heirs of a few other American families that have been very widely known for two or three generations. What it all means is that the great fortunes of our time are recognized as power that can be and is transmitted from father to son, and that it makes a difference which concerns the public what sort of hands this power lodges in. The old idea that it was only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves is passing away. The great fortunes of our day seem exceedingly stable, and the families that control them seem stable enough nowadays to be comparable with the more powerful families in Europe.

MARK TWAIN is due in New York this week, and it is reported that he will spend the winter here and give the town a fresh trial before determining where he will settle down. So we learn from a recent cable message, as also that he has written a good part of a new novel which he seems to have doubts about, as he says he may destroy it any day. He is tired of lecturing because he dislikes travel. The story has been revived that he has busied himself with certain reminiscences which are too candid for immediate publication, and are to be locked up for fifty years—or maybe a hundred—and then confided to a world which may by that time have grown wise enough to appreciate them. The natural effect of this rumor is to stir in the breast of the present population of the earth an irrepressible longing to read those memoirs before it goes hence. That may be the intention, but the story as it stands is not incredible, for Mr. Clemens is a large-minded man, and quite capable of a sufficient interest in posterity to wish to set it right as to certain details of history.

THE manner in which busy Americans of the present day do business is surprising to old fogies who have not kept up with the times. Take the law business, for example, in the city of New York. The present paragrapher had an errand the other day with a busy lawyer. He found him after some delay in the farthest off of a suite of six or seven offices occupied by his partners, clerks, office-boys, and type-writers. The lawyer was sitting at a large table in a pleasant corner room, hung about with pictures of British justices in wigs, and other picturesque persons. There were bookcases filled with books, but hardly any of them were calf-bound law-books. In the corner was a woman stenographer. On the lawyer's desk was neither book, nor paper, nor ink, nor pen. It was clear of all apparatus except one single article. That was a telephone. That, apparently, was what he practised law with. He talked and listened to it while the writer waited. A young man brought him a telegram to sign. He took a fountain-pen out of his pocket, signed it, and put the pen back. The writer did his errand, and as he went out the lawyer resumed his business with the telephone. That seems to be the usual method now with boss-lawyers in New York. What they talk into their telephones—whether they give orders or take them, give advice, ask questions, or suggest expedients—is their concern; but their end of the business seems to be the telephone end. Their various helpers and coadjutors doubtless do the work.

THE WILLIAM BLACK MEMORIAL BEACON.
To be erected on Duart Point, Isle of Mull, on the Coast of Scotland.

*Mr. Dooley: On Colonel Roosevelt's Western Tour**

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "if they'se anny wan r-runnin' in this campaign but me frind Tiddy Rosenfelt, I'd like to know who it is. It isn't Mack, f'r he wint away three weeks ago, lavin' a note sayin' that he'd accipt th' nommynation if 'twas offered him, an' he 'ain't been heerd fr'm since. It ain't Bryan, f'r he's visitin' th' tombs iv th' ancesthors iv th' party, an' if he likes th' neighborhood he may buy a place there. It ain't Adly, f'r athletic spoorts ar-re far fr'm his line. 'Tis Tiddy alone that's r-runnin', an' he ain't r-runnin', he's gallopin'.

"Th' comp'ny that insures plate-glass windows injooced him to lave New York an' pike out f'r th' land iv th' prairie an' th' mountain, where ye can use th' top iv ye'er voice without disturbin' th' scenery. He mounted his thrusty bronco an' made f'r South Dakota. South Dakota tur-rned out as wan man an' exchanged shots iv greetin' with him. A guard iv welcome, two hundherd thousan' sthrong, composed iv vethrans iv th' R-rough Riders, met him at th' town limits an' escorted him to th' public square, where he shook hands, whiniver hands remained, with th' survivors iv his career on th' plains. 'Ye won't reconize me,' says a man with a rubber leg an' a celluloid ear. 'I seem to raymimber such iv ye'er linymints as has not gone out iv circylation,' says Tiddy, 'but I don't call ye'er name,' he says. 'I,' says th' la-ad, 'am Horrible Horace, th' Scoorg iv th' Wind R-river Valley,' he says. 'Don't ye raymimber th' time ye near kilt me in Snake Canyon durin' th' har-rd winter iv eighty-nine?' says he. 'I have a dim recollection,' says Tiddy. 'If I raymimber r-right I was sthandin' at th' bar dhrinkin' a pint iv sulphuric acid an' r-readin' a little fav-rite wurruk iv mine called "Locke on th' Human Undherstandin'," whin ye come in an' objicked to me glasses, sayin' that with th' r-rest iv me features they made me look like a profissional diver just disappearin' into an angry horse,' he says. 'Ye thin attackted me with vile language, coarse abuse, excited oaths, a cant-hook, a pair iv spurs, a pair iv chaps, a sombrero, a refliction on me gran'father, a brandin'-ir'n, a bowie-knife, a forty-four an' a Winchester rifle,' he says. 'I was loath to strike ye even thin,' but whin,' he says, 'ye passed an insultin' remark about th' value iv th' merit system,' he says, 'me indignation overcome me,' he says. 'I wiped me glasses an' handed thim to th' bartinder, buttoned up me rough coat to protict me silk vest, smiled ca'mly, or as ca'mly as I can, waved aside th' bullets with me left hand an' made two motions with me r-right. D'ye raymimber?' 'I raymimber th' first,' says Horrible Horace. 'Well, thim was gr-reat times,' says Tiddy. 'An' I'm not changed in th' laste,' he says. 'Me purpose in comin' to ye'er mist,' he says, 'is to throw down, rope, an' brand th' Dimmycratic party. Ar-re ye with me?' he says. 'We ar-re,' says all th' sur-vivors. An' he goes among thim, inspictin' th' places where he hit thim, an' thin visits th' graveyard where he buried his dead, an' so on to th' next town.

"He niver stops. In Wounded Knee he busts a bronco that has kilt almost th' intire male popylation; busts it so har-rd 'twud dhraw a baby-carredge without wakin' th' occypant. He finds a poor ranchman whose punchers is off on a dhrunk, an' he goes out an' rounds up thirty thousan' head iv cattle in less thin an hour. Afther that he r-rides off to th' cow town, finds th' cowboys, takes their guns away fr'm thim, bates thim into subjiction, an' swears thim all in as mimbers iv th' Christyan Indeavor S'ciety. He discovers an ol' frind, whom he

(*Continued on page 974.*)

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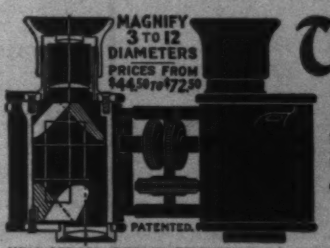

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(*Continued from page 973.*)

licked th' year he killed th' grizzly bear with th' rock, an' his ol' frind is havin' throuble with a bowldher that's got in th' slooce. Th' bowldher weighs four tons. 'Ye don't know how to deal with it,' says Tiddy, an' he shoves it out iv th' way with his foot. 'Even natur',' he says, 'can be subjooed be a kick fr'm a sthrong man,' he says.

"In this way he proves that 'tis be ilictin' himsilf an' th' other la-ad on th' ticket, th' hydhra-headed monsther called be th' foolish anti-imperyalism an' be th' wise free silver, arnychy, vilence, an' intol'rance can be cr-rushed. Glory be, but I'd like to be along where he goes. 'Tis no matinée f'r ladies an' childher, with an usher to show ye to ye'er seats an' a boy disthributin' choc'late-creams; 'tis no hankerchief saloot, an' no quartet singin' 'Th' Vi'lets on th' Veldt Whisper Mack an' Rosenfelt,' whin he's to speak at an altitood iv fifteen thousan' feet, where a man with a tall hat wud knock it again' th' stars in their coorses. 'Tis 'F'r gintlemen on'y'; come ar-rmed whin he's in town. 'Tis mother an' sister down in th' cyclone cellar an' papa off with a brick in his hand. 'Tis shutters up at th' joolry store an' glass out at th' saloon. 'Tis sthreets carpeted with th' human form divine, an' extry clerks at th' gunware store an' th' tire wore off th' ambulance.

"'Th' meetin' was called f'r eight o'clock,' says th' pa-aper. 'An' at th' hour th' hall was packed with a seethin' multitood. Afther a few well-chosen remarks, th' chairman, th' Hon. Ed. Woolcott, come down into th' body iv th' hall an' with a well-directed blow put out iv th' business th' Hon. Lim Doosly, former judge iv th' Cirkit Coort an' author iv sev'ral well-known wurruks on free cienage an' slayer iv Fierce Fred, th' half-breed desperado. At this moment Gov'nor Rosenfelt bit his way through th' throng, an' afther bringin' down with a well-aimed shot th' chairman iv th' Dimmycratic commity, Horace Greeley Ramsum, editor iv th' Coloraydo Coyote, he spoke as follows: "Scoundhrels, cow'rds, hired ruffyans, I know ye all well, an' if e'er a wan iv ye comes up to this platform I'll show ye how I feel to'rd ye, an' fellow Republicans: This is th' happyest moment iv me life. [A voice: "Kill him."] Niver befure have I injyed so much livin' undher a Constjtootion that insures equal r-rights an' no more to wan an' all, an'—excuse me, gents, while I get th' r-red-headed man in th' gal'ry. Got him! Thanks—an' spreads over th' counthry contint an' prosperity an' peace enough f'r anny r-right-minded man. An' if that fellow that's heavin' specimans iv th' glacyal dhrift fr'm behind yon post will—" (Editor's Note: Here our rayporther was sthruck on th' back iv th' head with a piece iv castin' fr'm th' joynt iv Hollyan's Laura's Love Mine. But we undherstand that Gov'nor Rosenfelt completed a delightful speech amid gr-reat enthusyasm an' was escoorted to th' thrain be a large crowd. Th' list iv kilt an' wounded will be found in another part iv this pa-aper. Th' departure iv th' distinguished visitor was marked be a humorous incidint, th' gallant leader hurlin' fr'm th' thrain Mike O'Leary, iv shaft eight iv th' B. & G. mine, amid th' good-natured laughter iv th' crowd. Our leader made a fav'rable impression an' manny warrum wurruds was heerd about him in th' sthreets las' night. It is to be hoped that he will rayturn again whin th' brick-yard starts up.)'

"An' there he goes, Hinnissy, relievin' th' gloom iv th' campaign with a bit iv rale ol'-fashioned pollytics like we had whin we were boys."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "thim fellows out West meant all r-right, an' ye can't blame anny man f'r doin' what he thinks is f'r th' good iv th' party, but I don't think it was r-right to attack him—with a scantlin'. 'Tis a poor weepon at th' best, an' annyhow, says I, give ivry man a chanst to be heerd."

"Niver fear that Tiddy won't be heerd," said Mr. Dooley. "An' don't ye be afraid if anny wan hits him that he won't tag back. He's havin' th' time iv all his life."

"He'll need a r-rest cure whin he's through," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He ixpicts to be ilicted," said Mr. Dooley. F. P. DUNNE.

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The Qualifications of Voters

ALL rules which govern elections are of particular interest at this time. The electoral laws of Belgium provide free transportation to voters who have ceased to live where they are registered;* there they are compelled to vote, unless before election-day they give satisfactory reasons to a justice of the peace in their district why they cannot come to the polls. Elections are held under the supervision of a magistrate and police commissioner, who must have corrected lists of all the voters in their precincts before them. The officers see to it, not alone that the votes are properly cast, but also that they are all cast. The man who neglects to vote is cited at once to appear before a justice, who either reprimands or fines him, unless he can show that he was excused from coming by proper authority granted before election-day. A second offence is more severely punished, and the name of the refractory citizen, with a statement of his delinquencies, is published by the magistrate and posted on the gates of the town-hall. The man who without excuse has abstained from voting four times in ten years is considered unworthy of citizenship; his name is stricken from the poll lists, and for ten subsequent years he is debarred from holding any public office. Whoever is convicted of having intentionally absented himself from the polls for the purpose of affecting the result of any election is fined to the extent of five hundred francs and imprisoned for a month, together with the person who may have induced him so to act.

Punishments are inflicted on the sluggish citizens in republican Switzerland and other countries of Europe; similar laws existed here in Georgia and other American colonies before they became States; if they remain on the statute-books, they are no longer enforced. Yet in times when grave questions are to be decided such laws would be useful. Since 1860, when a majority voted for the abolition of slavery by choosing Abraham Lincoln, no election has taken place the result of which will have a greater influence on the destiny of the nation than the present one. For the first time in the history of the country the Administration has acquired territory which lies at a considerable distance from this continent. The November vote must either uphold the government in assuming this power or rebuke it by electing Bryan. When conscientious men like E. M. Shepard vote for the Democratic candidate they act upon the conviction that this assumption may endanger our republican form of government. They consider this peril as more serious than any measure to which Mr. Bryan may or can resort. Such men, if right or wrong, are justified in acting on their opinion. But citizens who at this juncture abstain from voting, because they are indifferent or because both candidates are distasteful to them, neglect a duty which they owe to the common weal. They are not worthy of the privileges which they enjoy under our institutions, because they do not help to perpetuate them. If we had laws as they have in Belgium to punish their neglect, to hold them up to public scorn, eventually to disfranchise them, they probably would exercise their privilege of suffrage. Then we would have a more correct expression of opinion on the burning question whether the authority of the United States shall be confined to the limits of our American territory, or, following the example of England, it may be permitted to spread over the globe.

The English began the practical conquest of India in 1661, when Charles II. conferred on the East India Company authority to declare war or peace, and gave it power to adjudicate, according to English laws, all disputes arising between the natives of that distant country. This concession, granted to an association of British traders, developed the successful system of English colonization. The British understood the art of gradually transplanting their representative form of government in one shape or another to every territory they acquired. Over India itself, in spite of the Sepoy insurrection, elective privileges have been extended to rate-paying natives until many millions of them are ruled by fellow-men of their selection.

The impossibility of curtailing the elective franchise in Belgium, a densely populated and flourishing country, which in name only is a constitutional monarchy, while in reality its institutions are republican, induced the framers of its electoral laws to substitute for restrictions premiums which entitled citizens who deserved it to additional votes.*

The qualifications required from an ordinary voter are similar to those of a citizen of our States. But a married man of thirty-five or a widower with children who pays as much as one dollar a year in taxes is entitled to two votes instead of one.

When we consider how this rule would apply to our conditions we must admit that a man who marries and rears children has more interest in the administration of good government and should have more influence than he who remains single. Incidentally, such a rule may as-

* Athenians who were prompt in attending town meetings in ancient Greece were rewarded by a fee of three oboli from the public exchequer.

* U. S. Grant tersely expressed the difficulty when he said, "Suffrage once conferred can never be rescinded."

sist in solving the question of woman's right; it would encourage matrimony, and could compensate women for the denial of a privilege which many crave but which rarely is accorded them—that of suffrage. If they had the opportunity to marry, a majority of these fair agitators would much rather express their views through the vote of a fond husband than go in person to the polls.

Another privileged class in Belgium is composed of people of superior intelligence. The following men may cast three votes there instead of one at every election:

1. Those who with honors have graduated from a well-known university, from the military, mining, and agricultural schools of the state, and from the Commercial High-School of Antwerp.

2. Cabinet ministers, members of the legislature, governors, ambassadors, ministers, consuls, judges and counsellors of the high courts of justice, active and corresponding members of scientific academies, physicians, curators of university and public libraries, school commissioners and members of school boards, officers of the army and navy, and ministers of the gospel.

Although it is the best substitute for the restriction of universal suffrage, no country aside from Belgium has offered hitherto a premium on education by granting extra franchises to professional men, except Roumania and Spain.

In England householders and rated tenants only can vote for members of Parliament; similar restrictions are enforced in Holland and European Russia; property qualifications are still required from the electors for the legislative bodies of many other foreign countries and of the following States: Delaware, Georgia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Tennessee. These restrictions, founded on the principle that men who are unable to take care of themselves are unfit to be trusted with the interest of others, are regarded here as remnants of the feudal system; they are contested on the ground that possession of wealth alone is no proof of superior attainments, and should not entitle the owner to privileges which his poorer neighbor may not enjoy. In some countries, like Italy, the elector either must pay a certain amount in taxes or prove that he has acquired a well-defined standard of elementary education. Brazil excludes illiterates and members of monastic orders from suffrage. Citizens of many South-American republics, of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Missouri are only permitted to vote if they know how to read and write. But this does not go far enough; it places the hod-carrier who knows his alphabet on a level with the President of Harvard College. Men who are born equal do not remain equal when they become of age, and should not have an equal voice in the selection of their rulers. The right of universal manhood suffrage upon equal terms is a political heresy which had originated in the minds of Frenchmen while they suffered under the misdeeds of their profligate Bourbon monarchs. It spread among us during our war of independence, and the words that all men are created equal, which occur in our Declaration of 1776, often have been interpreted in that sense. That they did not actually mean it is shown by the following quotation from Thomas Paine: "Men are born and always continue free and equal in respect *to their rights;* distinction can be founded only on public utility."

The fact that we fail to make any distinction offers to designing men who have the faculty of swaying the mind of the ignorant opportunities to do so until they can control the elections. They use them for the purpose of nominating and electing candidates, who, as their tools, will appoint to office men who are chosen by them. By this indirect, but effective, control of patronage the government of many cities and a few States has passed from the people into the hands of these political "bosses." Unless means are devised to break their power it may eventually impair the integrity of the country.

Intellect alone is not sufficient to protect us against fraud, but if it were allowed to predominate it would mitigate the evil. Bryan could not have become a candidate if intelligence had ruled the Democratic convention. As he fails to distinguish between the currency which our creditors have a right to expect, and silver which he proposes to palm off upon them at a value which has become obsolete and fictitious, his candidacy is a menace to the credit of our country. Honest Gold Democrats who want to do their duty as citizens are placed by the nomination of this man into a serious quandary. They must either vote against their principles or against their convictions. Similar dangers may in future be avoided if a vote larger than the ignorant are entitled to is conceded to persons who are worthy, especially to those who can use their superior knowledge for the benefit of the community they live in.

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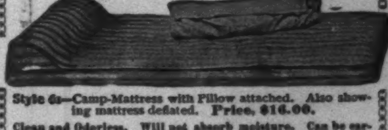

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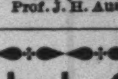

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

The point of chief interest in the financial world at the moment is the international relation of the money-markets. The large export movement from this country, which has now set in for the season of marketing crop products, has brought out a large volume of bills of exchange, a considerable part of which are drawn upon London for cotton payments, which are heavy on account of the high price of the material this year. As we already have large credits abroad these bills are not in great demand here, and the rate of exchange has gone down to a point which under ordinary circumstances would induce an importation of gold to offset some of the balance due us. This has been prevented by the continued low rate for money here and the relatively high rate in London, together with the fact that the Bank of England has reasons for preventing an outward movement of gold, while our banking community has none for trying to draw it this way.

While this situation exists there is a tendency here toward a hardening of rates in the money-market. Funds have been sent in considerable volume for three or four weeks to the West and South, and the reserves of the New York banks have been drawn down until the margin above the legal requirement is only about $10,000,000. This has been maintained by some curtailment of loans and a larger decrease in deposits, and yet no material advance has been made in the rates for loans, though the charge for money subject to call has risen occasionally above 2 per cent., even touching 3 per cent. momentarily, and the two to four months' rate is firm at 4 and 4½ per cent., with 5½ as the top figure for first-class mercantile paper. Should there be a firm advance to 3 per cent. on call and 6 for time loans, gold would move this way, unless the Bank of England put up its discount rate above the present 4 per cent., which it would be sure to do, and perhaps also put a higher price than 78 shillings the ounce upon gold bars, which is its present offer, and a little above the normal figure.

London is, however, waiting, and the Bank works along cautiously. The American credits are readily managed so long as money is easy here and there is no pressure for payments. There has been more pressure from Germany, where money rates are still higher than in England, but the situation at Berlin has not become urgent for relief. The demands of war in South Africa are likely to cease presently, though the increased expense in the colonies there will continue a good while, and there is hope of gold supplies soon from the Rand mines. Before the beginning of the war, a year ago, they were yielding about $9,000,000 a month, most of which went to England.

With us the political campaign affords more incentive for a waiting policy than events abroad, and that is one reason why money continues easy in New York in spite of the rather heavy drafts upon the banks from the interior. The funds can be spared because enterprise waits. There are indications of a steady confidence that the result of the election will not be such as to menace the currency, and business is undisturbed, but there is little venturing into new undertakings.

The reduction of the price of steel rails from $35 a ton to $26 has not resulted in any very heavy orders, but it is given out that railroads are waiting for the result of the election, after which they will order new rails quite liberally, if the present administration is continued, and otherwise not. On the other hand, it is stated that the price is not considered low enough yet, when steel billets have gone down from $33, a year ago, to $16 50, and Bessemer pig-iron sells for $13 50, instead of $25. Whatever the cause, iron and steel prices do not seem yet to be adjusted on a firm and enduring basis, and the expected new activity in production halts. While we hear of a single order on a Pittsburg concern for 6000 compressed-steel cars, there are other reports of the shutting down of mills at Joliet, which make bars and rods.

The volume of bank clearings reported for nine months of the present year exceeds $60,000,000,000 for the country, which is 12.8 per cent. less than for the same period last year, but 23.4 greater than in 1898, and 52 per cent. more than in 1897. The decrease from last year is mainly in Eastern cities, and is largely due to lessened speculation and less exploiting of new industrial enterprises. For the same three-quarters of a year the mercantile failures numbered 7851, involving liabilities of $101,867,448, against 6854 last year, with liabilities amounting to $57,703,905. There are many indications that the tide of prosperity reached its height in 1899, and has had a less vigorous flow since.